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SIXPENCE.

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M. Lépine.

PIOUS CHURCH DEFENCE IN PARIS: DEFENDERS AT PRAYER WHILE M. LÉPINE, PREFECT OF POLICE, WAS CONSULTING HIS COLLEAGUES BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE INVENTORY-TAKERS AT THE CHURCH OF STE. CLOTILDE.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS.

On February 3 the aristocratic congregation of Ste. Clotilde barricaded the church against the officers of the law, who had come to take an inventory under the Separation Act. M. Lépine had to send for soldiers and firemen, and only entered the church after a fierce combat. Many arrests were made.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE been to a large number of dinners, and heard a large number of successful and unsuccessful Parliamentary candidates make long speeches, occasions which, of course, were very delightful when they were not a little too long. I am sure that most political functions are far too long. A party meeting is frequently a machine for the cooling of party ardour. A man comes to a Buff meeting already an enthusiastic Buffer; if he were not an absurdly enthusiastic Buffer he would not come. The first three speeches, let us say, increase his Buff enthusiasm. The great eternal Buff verities can bear being said at least three times. When said the fourth time they detain and worry him. Said the fifth time they bore him. Said the sixth time they enrage him. By the seventh or eighth time the Buff verities have been said he does not believe in the Buff verities at all. He has, in every sense of the word, gone over to the Blues. This is a psychological perversity which it would be well for practical politicians and wire-pullers to realise much more seriously than they do. Tell a man the enemies' opinions as often as you like. The more often he hears them, the more monstrous and bizarre they will appear to him. Tell a man the absurd opinions of his opponent again and yet again, if you will. But beware of often telling him his own opinions. When he has heard his own opinions for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, he may suddenly scream and adopt some other opinions. State the wrong views, but be a little afraid of stating the right views. Exaggerations, fallacies, false statements are in their nature vulgar, and grow funnier every time they are mentioned; as does the vulgar refrain of a music-hall song. But the truth is sacred; and if you tell the truth too often nobody will believe it.

All long programmes, on political and other occasions, are a mistake. It is utterly an error, for instance, to suppose that because the list is long the individual speakers will make short speeches. People never make short speeches. A short speech is a rare, romantic, heroic exploit, much more uncommon than a religious martyrdom or a V.C. When people are on their legs (as they always say) you will find it very difficult to get them off their legs, except by pulling them off. I have seen many meetings—political, religious, irreligious, festive, funereal, and even financial. And I can with a clear conscience lay it down, as the outcome of all human experience, that there are in this world of ours only two kinds of speakers. There are two public orators and no third. The first is the man who is making a good speech and won't finish. The second is the man who is making a bad speech and can't finish. The latter is the longer.

It does not in the least follow that the speech which seems too long is unworthy of attention; the fault may be in the atmosphere; it may not be so much that he is too long with us, but that we are too short with him. It is said that when Thomas Carlyle was asked to say grace or a text of Scripture, he had a cheery way of reading to the company the whole of "The Book of Job." "The Book of Job" is better worth hearing than any modern philosophical conversation in the whole modern philosophical world. It is more philosophical. It is much more witty and humorous. It is, as that word is really meant, much more modern. From it the modern Agnostic may for the first time learn Agnosticism: a sane and sacred and manly ignorance. From it the modern Christian may with astonishment learn Christianity; learn, that is, that mystery of suffering may be a strange honour and not a vulgar punishment: that the King may be conferring a decoration when he pins the man on the cross as much as when he pins the cross on the man. But though "The Book of Job" is assuredly all this and much more, though it is not in the least a dull thing to read or a prosy thing to read, though it is quite as exciting as "The Sign of Four" and much more amusing than "Three Men in a Boat," yet still we may say that we think Carlyle erred in selecting it as a grace. Carlyle's grace, we feel, is not suited to be a preparation for a square meal. We should prefer the square meal as a preparation for the grace.

Neither in public nor in private life, indeed, is it at all true that the man who talks a great deal is necessarily an offensive person. It is an entire mistake, for instance, to imagine that the man who monopolises conversation is a conceited fellow. The man who monopolises conversation is almost always modest. The man who talks too much generally has a great deal of humility. Nay, even the man who talks other people down, who argues them down, who shouts them down, does not in the least necessarily think himself better than they are. It may seem a contradiction, yet the truth and reason of it are really very obvious. The man who talks too much, talks too much because he is interested in his subject. He is not interested in himself: if he

were he would behave better. If he were really an egoist he would think of what effect his ego was producing; and a very mild degree of mental perception would enable him to realise that the chief effect his ego was producing was a unanimous human aspiration to hurl him out of the window. A man who fills a drawing-room for two or three hours (say) with a monologue on bulbs, is the very reverse of a selfish man. He is an unselfish hero, courting the scorn and contumely of men in the great cause of bulbs, objects which are hardly likely to offer him in return any active assistance or even any animated friendship. He is a Martyr, like Stephen or Joan of Arc: and we know that the blood of the martyrs is the seed (or bulb) of the Church. No; the really selfish men are the silent men, those wicked and sinister fellows. They care more for their own manners (a base individualistic asset) than for conversation, which is social, which is impersonal, which is divine. The loud talker is humble. The very phrase you use about him proves this. If a man is rude, and bawls and blunders, the snub given to him would be "You forget yourself." It is the very ecstasy of altruism—an impersonal apotheosis. You say to the cad, "You forget yourself." What better, what higher, could you say to the saint than that "You forget yourself"?

Being very insufficiently acquainted with the etiquette of the State, I do not know how far the larger solemnities or festivals of the political transition will be deferred owing to the death of the King of Denmark. But I hope that this sad event will not render all celebration or pageantry impossible. Celebrations need not be any less solemn because they are celebrations. In fact, in the finest parts of our old English poetry and general literature the very word used for a feast is a "solemnity." The loss of this sense of the solemnity even of a happy festival is one of the most serious losses of our time, one of the most serious gaps in our version of the art of enjoying life. For unless you learn to take joy solemnly you will never learn to take it joyfully. I hope that we shall see in connection with the inauguration of the new Parliament, and in connection with many such things, a reasonable amount of ritual and pomp. I cannot understand the common attitude which objects to the pageantry and solemnity of the Crown, the Law, or the Army. I can understand the man who objects to the existence of the Crown, the Law, or the Army. But if these things are to exist, surely it is better that they should be "solemnised"—that they should be solemn. The stars and sceptres, robes and wigs, do not give the rulers their power. They only give them some sense of the solemnity of their power. Take away their power, if you will. But take away their pageantry and you only take away their responsibility. A Judge in a wig is, if you like, a despot. But what is a Judge without a wig—except a frivolous despot? You put a portentous authority on a man and divide him from every ordinary man. If you put a great horse-hair wig on him too, and if that makes him feel that he is not an ordinary man—why, so much the better. No, if you are going to have privileges, make the people feel the privilege. Make them wear robes, chains, false hair, false noses, if that will make them feel it. We have fairly free and equal conditions as long as the exceptional man wears exceptional clothes. But if you take away the exceptional clothes, you will simply leave an ordinary man with the powers of an extraordinary nuisance.

One of the countless quite absurd delusions in this connection is the idea that the English people do not like grandeur and decoration and ceremonies. It generally goes along with the equally erroneous idea that the French do. The fact of the matter is that the French (ever since 1870, at any rate) have been a nation of realists. They like their army, for instance, to be for use, and not for show. When English travellers remark, for instance, on the coarse clothes of the little French soldier, as compared with their magnificent memories of the steel and scarlet of the Guards, they forget that this roughness is simply the roughness of a deep and even tragic sense of reality. The French soldier is wearing coarse clothes because he is wearing working clothes. He slouches along as a sewer-man slouches along, or any other person whose duties are necessary and unpleasant. He is as casual as a miner: he is as untidy as a practical electrician. His loose coat is a modification of the coarse, clean, belted blouse of the peasants his brethren, the most utilitarian of all earthly garments. The same is true of everything in modern France. The newspapers, for instance, strike the Englishman as dirty and badly printed. They are dirty and badly printed. But this is because the practical French people care only for the thing written in the paper and nothing for the pomp and display of fine paper, fine printing, all the *physical* beauty of a newspaper. The English are more artistic. If ever beauty and symbolism are driven out of every other country, beauty and symbolism will have an immortal asylum in England. The *Times* has at least the material grandeur of a Lord Mayor's Show.

THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS.)

HOW to do away with the telephone-girl has long been a problem in telephony. To err is human, and the telephone-girl is particularly human. She is often inattentive, and switches you on to the wrong number or pulls out the plug at a most interesting point in the conversation. Sometimes she never hears at all, and there is the fourth case when she murmurs "Engaged" to your repeated efforts to get through to the other man. The telephone-girl, indeed, is required to be a machine—never to make mistakes, never to break down, never to be curious. Being only a woman, she cannot be these things. But a mechanical telephone-girl, who is all this and more, has been invented by two Canadians, G. W. and J. H. Lorimer, who hail from the "telephone" city of Brantford. It was at Brantford that the Scotsman, Alexander Graham Bell, first demonstrated the practical utility of the telephone; and, by a curious coincidence, it is this colonial town that is destined to be associated with an invention that may prove to be the greatest since that of Professor Bell's. The Lorimer telephone, which I have seen at work in Paris, is in appearance very like that of the ordinary telephone—that is to say, the part visible to the subscriber in his own house. The primary difference, however, is that there are no chemical batteries at the base of the instruments as in the London and Paris systems. The Lorimer telephone is entirely worked on the central battery plan—that is to say, the battery is at the exchange. This method is in vogue in New York and other places where the telephone system is on the latest model. In order to establish direct connection with a subscriber, the pointers on a dial at the head of a machine are moved so that they stand over the exact number required. It is the familiar principle of the automatic cash register. The handle of the telephone is turned and button is pressed, which rings in the room of the person called. This signal can be heard ringing through the receiver of the transmitting telephone. The line is instantaneously clear for talking. When the receiver is again hung up at the caller's telephone, at the conclusion of the conversation, the two lines are disconnected and the number is free for other subscribers.

What happens when the handle of the telephone is turned, and connection is made with the called subscriber? It is not easy to explain without recourse to technicalities, but some idea of the operations may be conveyed in general terms. At the ordinary telephone exchange connection between one subscriber and another is established by means of a switchboard. When the call comes for a certain number, connection is made between caller and called by means of a metal plug and a flexible cord. The Lorimer automatic machinery does that without the aid of a human operator. The system is made up of mechanical devices electrically controlled, each one of these devices corresponding in its functions with the single cord circuit in the manual switchboard. The machinery to perform these operations is divided into sections, each section being capable of serving a hundred lines. An instrument known as the decimal indicator, the principal part of each section, is constantly revolving. When the handle of the telephone in the subscriber's office is turned, a message is thereby conveyed to this revolving indicator. It is at once passed on to an automatic switch, of which there is a number in each section, performing the exact duties of the telephone-girl. The number wanted is spelled out by the mechanical switches with remarkable rapidity, and the indicator is free, in the twinkling of an eye, to take up other work and to transmit other orders. In the event of more calls coming in than there are switches idle, the call is stored and distributed to the first switches idle, no delay greater than a few seconds being possible.

The machinery seems to do everything but think. Once a call is made, no other call can intrude upon the line, yet the mechanism will store the delayed call until the line is out of use, when it will make the connection asked for. No interruption in a conversation is possible, and no one but the persons absolutely engaged can hear the conversation. This is no mean advantage. Not the least of the sins imputed to our lady of the telephone is her truly feminine curiosity, which induces her sometimes to lend more than a professional ear to the secrets of the subscribers. It is certain that in a small community a man would hesitate to parley with his banker over the wire. But the Lorimer tells no tales out of—the circuit. Should there be any crossing or grounding of wires, automatic notice of it is immediately given to the Exchange; consequently, the defect may be remedied before even the subscriber is aware of it.

There is another very important point to be considered, which I see is insisted upon by an engineer in reporting upon the Lorimer system to the town authorities of Peterborough, Canada, which is now making an experiment in automatic telephony. If a community outgrows the telephone service under the manual exchange system, the switchboard has to be enlarged at great expense and inconvenience. Not so, however, with the Lorimer machine. Merely another section is added for every hundred subscribers. These sections come away absolutely complete from the factory, and can be immediately installed. They can be added without the least difficulty to the original sections. The sections in the installation at work in Paris are operated by a small electric motor, but power may be taken from any convenient source, such as a rotating-shaft or a gas-engine. Control of the various parts is primarily electrical, but the work is done by direct mechanical means as far as possible.

On the face of it, it is a great invention, and should be capable of economical working. It is to be seen whether in practice it will prove a commercial success. PARISIAN.

MOTIVES AND CUES.

The motive and the cue.—*Hamlet*.

THE difficulty in the remnant of the Unionist Party as to who is to be leader in the House of Commons suggests fine psychological problems. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, whose personal friendship remains unaltered, are engaged in a game of political pull devil, pull baker. Mr. Balfour, in fact, has been invited by Mr. Chamberlain to swallow the Protectionist bread-pill (the smallest of all possible small loaves), without a grimace, otherwise his leadership will be disputed. If the Birmingham Apostle would make sure of success in converting his friend to his doctrine, there are only two persons who can help him to set his house in order; and these, curiously enough, are Mr. Pinero and Mr. George Alexander: in other words, the instrument of conversion must be Mr. Alexander inspired by Mr. Pinero. A fortnight ago this solution would not have occurred to anybody, but now we have been shown the way. For, without infringing the rights of our dramatic critic, it may be suggested that seldom in the recent British drama has anything so remarkable been seen as the extraordinarily persuasive skill with which in the new St. James's play Hilary Jesson, that accomplished diplomatist, compels a character to execute an overwhelming *volte face*. In defiance of every natural passion, Hilary Jesson, who appears in the character of Mr. George Alexander, persuades Mrs. Jesson to lay down the weapons of Retaliation which fortune has put into her hand. Had he held another and a stronger card, the dramatic propriety of his victory might have gone unchallenged, but he prevails only by the thinnest of arguments, and one which by the actor's own confession, he uses without conviction. But his victory is none the less complete and astonishing. This, it would seem, is the most triumphant thing in Pinero's latest triumph. The critics have accepted it as inviolate dramatic art, and with that we must be content. But it is impossible to be quite reassured that the Nina Jesson of the earlier part of the play could have been persuaded as she was to abandon her chance of vengeance after listening to a few flimsy sentimentalities, and that she should have consented thenceforward to undertake the role of the manufactured heroic. But this only makes the Pinero-Alexandrian conquest more magnificent. Never was the Worse so successfully made to appear the Better Cause, and our old friends in The Clouds must hide their diminished heads.

If the situation, however, seem to possess this dramatic flaw, it is none the less valuable politically, and if Mr. Chamberlain would instruct Mr. Pinero to write a part in favour of Protection, as opposed to the heresy of Retaliation, and would induce Mr. Alexander to study it and play it off one evening after dinner on Mr. Balfour, the result could not fail to benefit the Unionist Party. The St. James's manager might, indeed, then go on tour and practise the same persuasive arts on Captain Thomas Bowles, who would straightway vow that he, shiver his timbers, would nevermore run any but protected cargoes.

But such persuasive arts are perhaps too transcendental for a painfully matter-of-fact world. Yet in Rome they have just heard of an act of gentle suggestion which ought to move the most obdurate. In clubs and places where they mistake umbrellas, one is accustomed to the polite notice requesting the return of elusive property; and there, of course, civility is inevitable, for no crime is intended. But an Italian firm, victimised by the enterprising burglar, has sought by sheer force of *la grande politesse* to recover what it had lost. They put an advertisement into the papers requesting "the honourable burglars who visited the office and took away the safe to return to the address of the firm or to the post office the documents which they found inside the safe, which can be of no value to them." Such was their faith in the power of adroit flattery and politeness that they went even further, and in the epistolary style taught at the best commercial schools, Messrs Vannoni concluded—

The directors of the firm, who feel quite sure that this favour will be granted to them, express their sincere thanks in anticipation.

If the method succeeds we may expect that it will be extended to other departments of life. Very soon the polite advertisement will become the most effective engine of the law, and people will scarcely marvel to see such notices as these—

The authorities of Scotland Yard beg to inform the Right Hon. William Sikes, of whose whereabouts they are unfortunately uncertain at present, that his presence is urgently required at their office. They desire from Mr. Sikes a personal explanation of his recent unexpected visit to Laburnum Villa, Clapham Common, between two and three in the morning of Feb. 1, and this they feel sure Mr. Sikes with his usual courtesy will not refuse them. If Mr. Sikes will cause his annexations to be returned, either to the Chief of Police or to Laburnum Villa aforesaid, the authorities will be infinitely obliged; he need not trouble to call. At the same time the Police regret that they are unable to return Mr. Sikes's jemmy, which he had the misfortune to leave on the premises, but they sincerely trust that this will not inconvenience him in his valuable architectural researches.

And about this time of year we shall often read the following—

The Collector of Income Tax is reluctantly compelled to hint to his clients in the Parish of St. Philibert's that various insignificant payments have still to be met. He is confident that this notice will be sufficient, as it would cause him infinite pain to resort to the barbaric persuasion of the summons, now happily almost obsolete.

Thus the State will flourish on blandishments. Expenditure on Police and the Army will sink to the infinitesimal, until the tax-gatherer's "insignificant payment" will be no mere figure of speech. And in that Millennium, doubtless, great dramatists will write our political speeches and great actors speak them at St. Stephen's, while the Labour members return to the anvil and the plough. J. D. SYMON.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

IF the dramatist's main business is to tell a story in terms of the stage—to present a conflict of wills amid a series of legitimate surprises—then Mr. Pinero, who holds and carries out this conception of drama, must be accounted on his good days the most satisfying as he is the most painstaking of our playhouse craftsmen. We do not go to him for intellectual stimulus, daring wit, play of fancy, much less for tenderness. But, as a planner of work that is consistently dramatic and holds its audience's attention in a vice, Mr. Pinero, in his best form, is easily first among English playwrights. "His House in Order" his new St. James's piece, shows its author at his best. Its dialogue is disfigured by the old pedantry of phrasing, and its *raisonneur* hero is too addicted to sermonising. But, thanks to a plot that moves steadily forward, a masterly exhibition of clashing temperaments, a delightfully humorous study of a group of strait-laced country-house bores, a splendid third-act situation, and an ingenious manipulation of effects that keeps spectators in constant suspense, yet leaves them contented in the end, "His House in Order" has qualities which place it in the first rank not only of Mr. Pinero's achievements, but of modern English dramatic compositions. Its scheme inevitably recalls that of "Mrs. Tanqueray." Here, again, a woman of undisciplined, though this time innocent, nature is confronted with the influence of her husband's first wife. But in the second Mrs. Jesson's case this influence is no shadowy thing, but a potent force kept furiously alive by the dead woman's relatives, who persistently maintain the cult of dear Annabel's immaculate virtues. Suppose poor, snubbed, superseded Nina to secure a packet of incriminating letters which, if published, would blast her predecessor's reputation—nay, brand Annabel's child with illegitimacy; and suppose Nina's preachy but sympathetic brother-in-law to ply her with every kind of dissuasive appeal against using them—and you have the great scene of the play. This is acted by Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Alexander with great force and fervour, the one as subtly impressive in her changes of mood and intonation as when she impersonated Sophy Fullgarney, the other always discreet and authoritative in diction and often genuinely passionate. But the interpretation of the play is wholly pleasing throughout, Mr. Waring doing his best for the ungrateful rôle of the husband, and Miss Bella Pateman, Mr. Lyall Swete, Miss Beryl Faber, and Mr. C. M. Lowne causing perennial amusement by their unexaggerated realisation of the humours of the tyrannical and insular quartet, all carefully individualised by Mr. Pinero, who constitute the first wife's family.

"THE YOUNGER GENERATION," AT TERRY'S.

Miss Netta Syrett showed such promise in her prize-play, "The Finding of Nancy," selected some years ago from the Playgoers' Club competition and produced, according to promise, by Mr. Alexander, that it is strange she has not secured a hearing for another effort before now. Her latest work is of smaller dimensions than its rather ambitious predecessor, being a little one-act piece which Mr. James Welch has staged in front of Mr. Jones's diverting farce, "The Heroic Stubbs." The clever novelist has obviously taken the title of her very successful miniature drama from Ibsen's "Master Builder," and presents a rather typical case of the "younger generation knocking at the door." A girl of seventeen, just returned from a country visit, is full of the attentions paid her by an Indian officer who has come home after ten years' service, and we learn from the excitement of her widowed mother that the officer is an old flame of hers. He calls, but alas! it is not to renew his old courtship, but to ask for the daughter's hand. The two parts of elder and younger women are rendered by Miss Irene Rooke and Miss Estelle Winwood with just sufficient emotional earnestness and sense of contrast.

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A. AND C. BLACK.
Days with Velasquez. C. Lewis
Hind. 7s. 6d.

WARD, LOCK AND CO.
The Weight of a Crown. Fred N.
White. 6s.
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The Game of Ju Jitsu. Taro Miyake
and Yukio Tani.
A. H. BULLEN.
The Dreamer's Book. J. H. Pearce.
3s. 6d.
Innocencies. R. Tynan. 3s. 6d.
The Well of the Saints. J. M.
Synge. 3s. 6d.
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The Blue Peter. Morley Roberts.
6s.
T. FISHER UNWIN.
Our School Out of Doors. The
Hon. M. Cordelia Leigh. 2s.
A Supreme Moment. Mrs.
Hamilton Synge. 6s.
The Life of Richard Cobden. J.
Morley. Part II. 6d.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

The King's Health.

On account of certain absurd rumours regarding the King's health, a semi-official statement has been made to the Press Association. Dr. Ott, of Marienbad, was recently received at Windsor, and busybodies immediately began to surmise that the visit was professional. It appears, however, according to the statement just issued, that last autumn, when his Majesty met Dr. Ott, his old acquaintance, it was arranged that on the doctor's next visit to England he should be received at Windsor. Dr. Ott was accordingly received as an acquaintance and not in his professional capacity, and was not consulted in any way concerning his Majesty's health, which, the statement concludes, continues to be excellent. It was arranged that the King should, on Feb. 9, go to Portsmouth for the launch of the *Dreadnought* on the following day. All ceremony was to be dispensed with.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE REV. DR. E. H. PEROWNE.

Master of Corpus, Cambridge.

The Queen arrived at Copenhagen in the evening of Feb. 3. At Körsör, where the train leaves the ferry after the passage of the Great Belt, the Dowager Empress of Russia, the Duchess of Cumberland, and Prince Waldemar met her Majesty and accompanied her to Copenhagen. The train was delayed for half an hour by a heavy snow-storm. At the Copenhagen station the Queen was received by King Frederick, Queen Louise, and the other members of the royal family. On reaching the Amalienborg Palace the Queen and her sister went at once to the room where the body of the late King was lying, and her Majesty remained kneeling beside the coffin for

The Queen at Copenhagen.

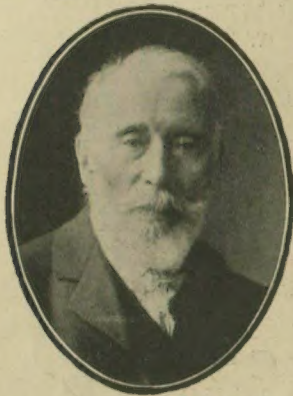


Photo. Rossmont.

THE LATE LORD MASHAM.

a considerable time. On Sunday Queen Alexandra and the King and Queen of Denmark were present at a memorial service in the Church of Our Lady. In this church the Kings of Denmark are crowned. In the evening all the members of the royal family were present at a private service in the Garten-Saal, where the late King is lying in state.

The Rev. Henry Luke Paget, Vicar and Rural Dean of St. Pancras and Prebendary of St. Paul's, has been appointed Bishop-Suffragan of Ipswich. He is the third son of Sir James Paget, Bart., Sergeant-Surgeon to Queen Victoria. He was educated at Shrewsbury and Christ Church, Oxford, and



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE REV. H. L. PAGET, Bishop-Suffragan of Ipswich.

was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge—of which he was Master when he died on the 5th of this month—and while an undergraduate won the Porson Prize and the Members' Prize. In 1850, when he was twenty-four, he graduated B.A., and in due time he proceeded

M.A. and became a Fellow. Ordained in 1850, he was at Norwich in that and the following year as curate of St. John, Maddermarket; but, that period excepted, he resided in Cambridge during the whole of his working life. On five occasions he was Examiner for the Classical Tripos; for three years one of the University Examiners in Theology; a Whitehall Preacher from 1864 until 1866; Hulsean Lecturer in 1866; Senior Proctor of



Photo. Elfeldt.

THE NEW QUEEN OF DENMARK.

the University in 1871 and 1872; Lady Margaret Preacher in 1877; for a considerable time a member of the Council of the Senate; Tutor of his College from 1858 till 1879; twice Vice-Chancellor of the University; and Master of his College from 1879 until the time of his death. He was also, at various times, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of St. Asaph, Examining Chaplain to the late Bishop of Worcester; Honorary Canon of Worcester, Honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria, and Honorary Chaplain to the King.

Samuel Cunliffe-Lister, first Baron Masham, who died on the 2nd of the month at the age of ninety-one,

Lancers. He had a distinguished career at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Sandhurst. For several years he served in India, and was selected to report upon Italian Cavalry in 1880. In 1881-82 he was Brigade-Major of Cavalry at Aldershot. He is a skater and a cyclist.

Sir William Thomas Makins, first Baronet, who died on Feb. 2 at Henley-on-Thames, was the eldest son of Mr. Charles Makins, of Woodhouse, near Leeds. From Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge, he went to the Bar of the Middle Temple and joined the Midland Circuit. He first entered Parliament in 1874 as one of the two members for South Essex. For this constituency he was re-elected in 1880, and five years later he became member for the South-Eastern Division of the county. In the following year he won back the Walthamstow seat for the Conservatives. He had not sat in Parliament since the dissolution of 1892. Ten years later he was created a Baronet. Among the offices he held were those of Magistrate for Oxfordshire and Essex, Deputy-Lieutenant of Essex, and a Lieutenant for the City of London. He was Honorary Colonel of the 1st Essex Artillery (Eastern Division) Volunteer Brigade.

Sir William Wallace Hozier, first Baron Newlands, who died on Jan. 30, was born on Feb. 24, 1825, the son of Mr. James Hozier, of Newlands and Mauldslee. He was a subaltern in the Royal Scots Greys for a time, then Captain and Adjutant of the Lanarkshire Yeomanry. On leaving the Army he did much useful work in connection with the public affairs of the county of Lanark, for which he acted as Convener. He succeeded to the family estates in 1878, was created a Baronet in 1890, and in 1898 became a Peer. He married Frances Anne, daughter of Mr. John O'Hara, of Raheen, County Galway, in 1849.

The Unionist "Come, poor remains of friends; rest on this rock,"



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR W. T. MAKINS, BART.

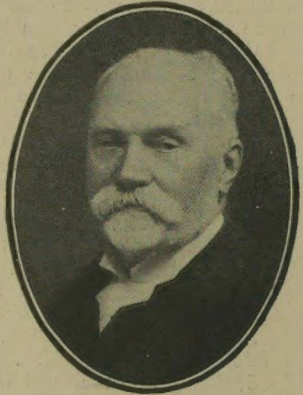


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE LORD NEWLANDS.

says Brutus at Philippi, and Mr. Balfour, having been to Philippi, is repeating the invitation—in vain. At the time of writing, the poor remains of the Unionist party find some difficulty in resting upon the Tariff Rock; in other words, they cannot dispose of their unfortunately insignificant minority in the House of Commons. The battle of the polls has accentuated the inter-party differences, and has resulted in a rather bitter outcry against Mr. Balfour's leadership. It is generally accepted that Mr. Chamberlain is himself opposed to the retention of his sometime leader at the head of the Unionist party; but, as though to make confusion worse confounded, he has given it clearly to be understood that he himself will not accept the post.



KING CHRISTIAN IX. ON HIS DEATH-BED.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY E. ABBO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN COPENHAGEN.

in 1877 he became curate of St. Andrew's, Wells Street. Thereafter, he was curate of Leeds, assistant lecturer at the Leeds Clergy School, curate in charge of Christ Church Mission, Poplar, Vicar of St. Ives, Huntingdon, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford. He was also Select Preacher at Oxford in 1904-5.

The Rev. Edward Henry Perowne, D.D.,

was a remarkable figure in the industrial world—inventor and capitalist in one. He was born at Calverly Hall, near Leeds, one of a family enjoying considerable influence in the county, and was intended for the Church. Instead he entered the world of commerce. On attaining his majority, his brother John and himself started in partnership in the worsted trade, their father providing them with a mill. After two years the brother retired, and Mr. Cunliffe-Lister, as Lord Masham then was, was left in charge of the business. He gave his attention to the possible utilisation of silk waste, and after much labour and experiment he began to turn the "rubbish" into plush and other fabrics. The velvet-loom was perfected by him, and he invented the automatic air-brake for railway-trains. He was raised to the Peerage in 1891.

Captain Cecil William Norton, who has been appointed a Junior Lord of the Treasury, has been Member for Parliament in the Liberal interest for West Newington since 1892. He was formerly in the 5th Royal Irish

The vexed question of Tariff Reform is likely to split the party just as Home Rule broke up the Liberals in Mr. Gladstone's time, although most casual observers of the new Parliament's Constitution may well be pardoned if they believe that the Unionists are likely to find more to shock them than Free Trade, and that they might very well unite in the House while they seek to bring the constituencies to their way of thinking. This country has already suffered from the effects of a disunited Opposition in the House of Commons, and seeing that the Unionists can do very little even if they justify their title, it is a pity that they should split their party still further

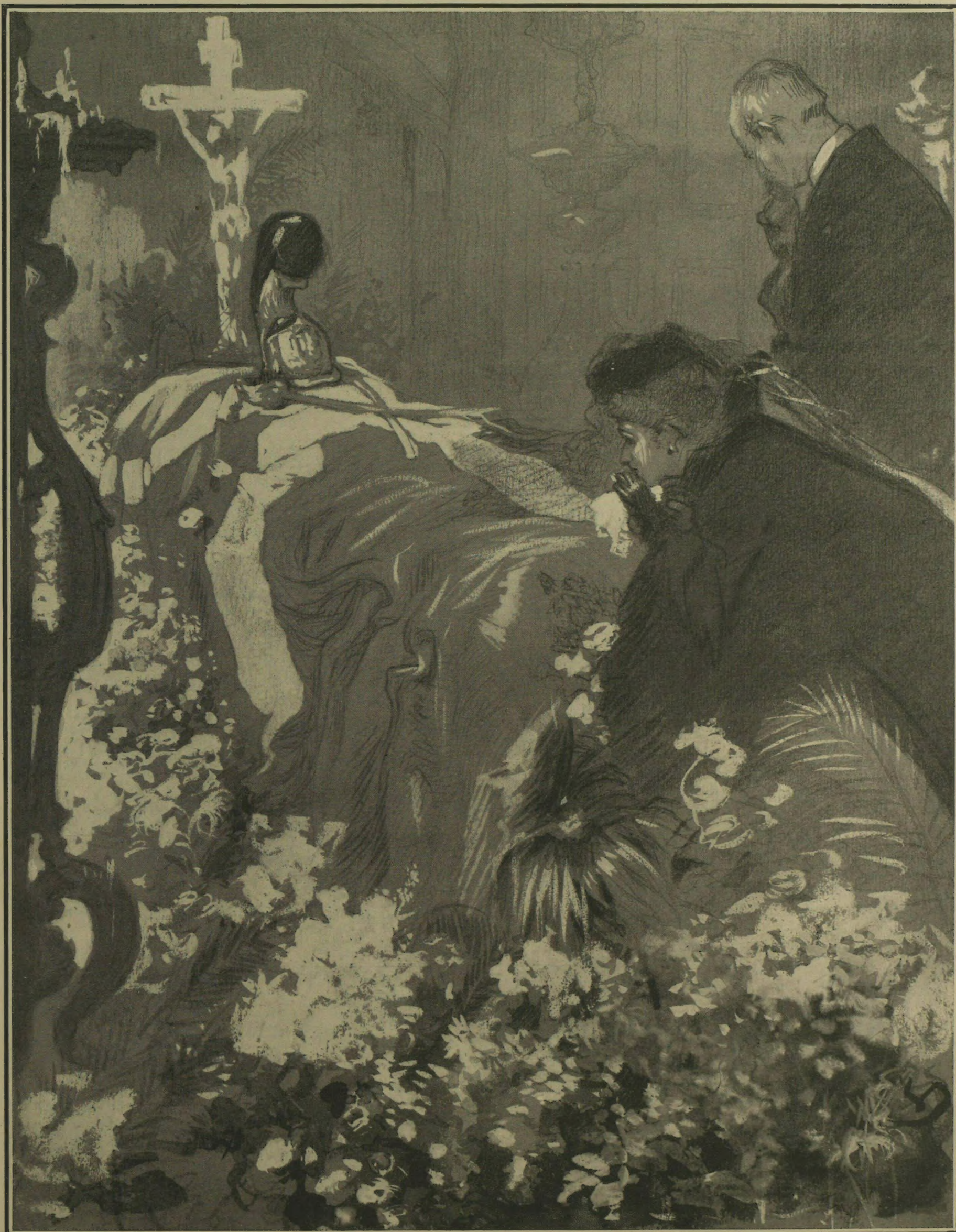


Photo. Russell.

CAPTAIN CECIL NORTON, New Junior Lord of the Treasury.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA MOURNING FOR HER FATHER.

DRAWN BY E. ABBO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COPENHAGEN.



THE QUEEN BESIDE KING CHRISTIAN'S CATAFALQUE AT COPENHAGEN.

King Christian's coffin was placed in the centre of the Garten-Saal at the Amalienborg Palace. It was covered with two Danish flags, and was surrounded with flowers. Upon it lay the plumed brass helmet and crossed sword and scabbard used by King Christian when he was Captain of the Danish Horse Guards, whose standards were planted on each side of the coffin. As soon as Queen Alexandra arrived in Copenhagen she went at once to the death-chamber.

over a question which will not enter seriously into politics for some years to come.

Progress at Algeciras.

The Morocco Conference, like the wounded snake in Pope's famous *Alexandrine*, "drags its slow length along." It would seem as though the Moorish delegates have managed to bring to the little Spanish city something of the curious spirit of inertia that belongs to the land of eternal afternoon to which they are accredited. It is clear that France can rely but little upon either Russia or Austria, their home problems are too acute; and that Spain is not taking the line that the optimists of Paris hoped and expected. German satisfaction is expressed in several semi-official leading articles, the most interesting being one in which we are assured that, "while Germany will be well content to see a solution arrived at, she will not be in any sense dissatisfied if the Conference breaks up without any definite work accomplished. In that case, of course," adds the semi-official writer, "Morocco reverts to its status before the Conference was called, and will be regulated in its relations to Europe by the Convention of Madrid." This sounds all right until one realises that it ignores the Anglo-French Convention. Should the Conference at Algeciras break up quite peacefully without settling anything, France will be in much the same position as she found herself when she treated M. Delcassé much as the mariners treated Jonah after he went down to Joppa and found a ship bound for Tarshish, "and there was a mighty tempest in the sea so that the ship was like to be broken."

Paris has returned the hospitality which London extended last year to her municipal representatives. On Feb. 5 Sir Edwin Cornwall, Chairman of the L.C.C., and a large and representative company arrived in Paris as the guests of the Paris Municipal Council. As the train bearing the visitors steamed into the Gare du Nord the Municipal band played "God Save the King," and Sir E. Cornwall, who was the first to alight, was most cordially welcomed by Dr. Paul Brousse, the President of the Municipal Council. Great numbers of Parisians were in the streets to see the arrival of the London representatives, and cheered them as they were driven in procession to the Grand Hotel. The festivities proper began in the evening with a banquet, reception, and soirée at the Hôtel de Ville. The British Ambassador, Sir Francis Bertie; M. Rouvier, M. Paul Doumer, President of the Chamber; the Minister of War, and the Prefect of the Seine were among the guests. Dr. Paul Brousse proposed the toast of the evening. This, he said, is the conquest of the heart of that France whence at its birth England derived a vital and vigorous portion

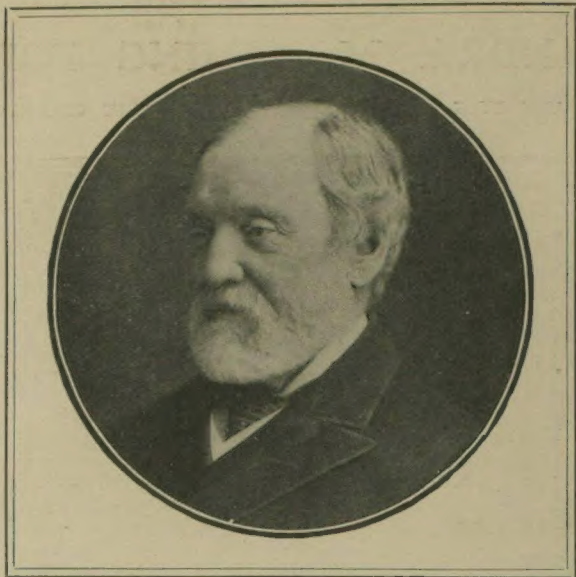


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES COOKSON,
Diplomatist.

of its people. On the strong foundation of the *Entente Cordiale* the London Municipal Council had grafted a practical idea, the *Entente Municipale*, and he added that an enlarged *Entente Municipale* would lead to a still further extended *Entente Cordiale*. He recalled with pleasure the impression that the Paris Council's visit to London and its reception there had made upon the French people. Sir Edwin Cornwall, in his reply, bore witness to the good which has already resulted from the French visit to London, and appealed to the whole world to join in the movement for international municipal friendship.

Sir Charles Alfred Cookson.

Sir Charles Alfred Cookson, a distinguished Consular servant of the Empire, died in London on Feb. 4 in his seventy-sixth year. A Somersetshire man, he was the son of Mr. Christopher Cookson, of Nowers. From Oriel he graduated with honours in 1855, and was afterwards called to the Bar. After serving at Constantinople as Law Secretary to the Consular Court, he went to Egypt as Consul and Judge, and during Arabi's rebellion he upheld British interests and restored order. In a later disturbance he nearly lost his life. In 1888 he was made a K.C.M.G. and Consul-General. He retired in 1897. During his residence in Alexandria he did a great deal for many philanthropic institutions, and after he came home he took a deep interest in the work of the Chelsea Charity Organisation Society, and the Smoke Abatement Society.



AN ARTISTIC POSTAGE STAMP COMPETITION: NEW NORWEGIAN DESIGNS.

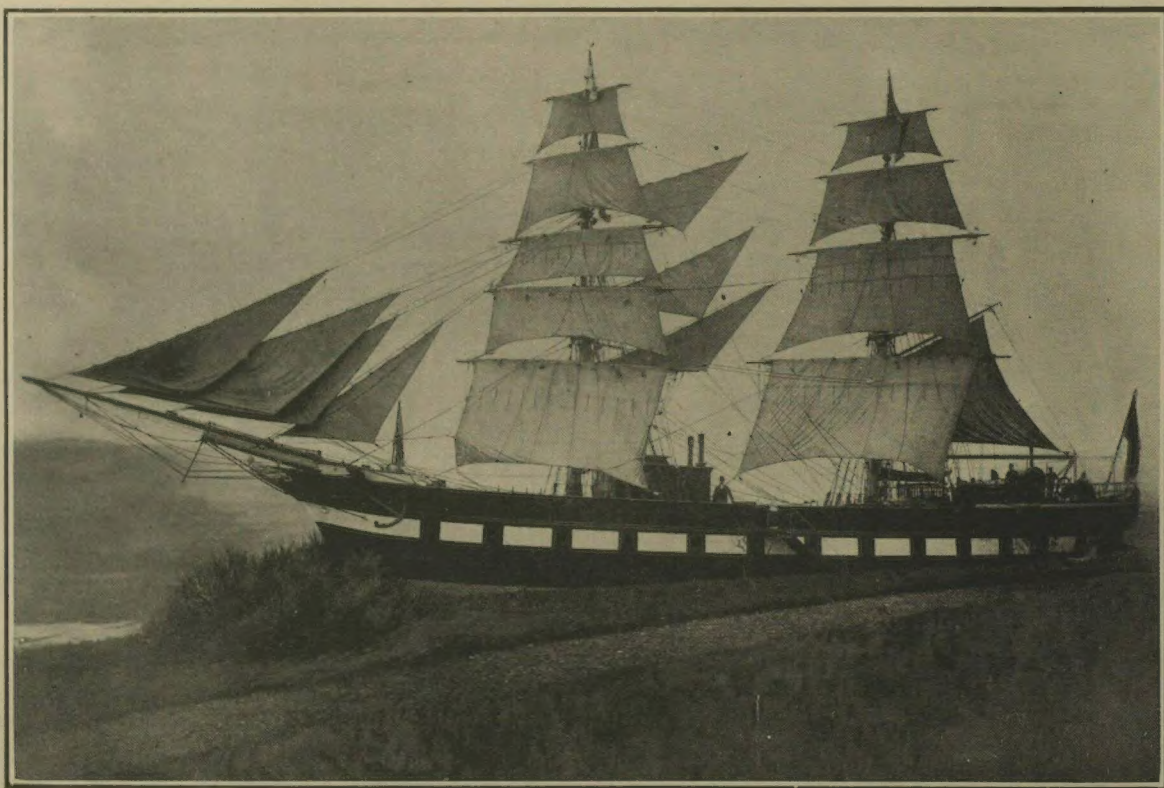


Photo. Brown.

A TRAINING-SHIP ON DRY LAND.

The brig "James Arthur" was given by a Paisley lady to the Quarrier Orphan Homes, Bridge of Weir. On board the vessel boys are trained to be sailors, sailor-missionaries, and teachers of navigation.

M. Silvain has quitted the Comedy at the Royalty Theatre after showing us a Louis XI. that seemed bourgeois as compared with Henry Irving's wonderfully romantic and bizarre portrait of the French King, and the Comédie Française actor's place has been taken at London's new French playhouse by two light comedians, Mlle. Thomassin and M. Galipaux, who made their entry last week in a sparkling but audacious trifle of M. Capus's, entitled "La Petite Fonctionnaire." It deals with the adventures of a pretty postmistress, who, as soon as she takes up her post in a provincial town, is besieged by all the men of the district and fools an elderly admirer to the top of her bent. Her remarks, and indeed her actions, are far from innocent, but Mlle. Thomassin skates over the thinnest of ice so gracefully, and looks so arch and dainty a creature, that it is difficult to be censorious before her smiles. She has just the right kind of comrade in M. Galipaux, who plays the part of an enamoured Vicomte, and puts a world of expression into his pantomime; while as the elderly provincial who spends his money in vain, M. Paulet wins constant laughter.



THE WHEELLESS FIRE BRIGADE OF VENICE: A NEW ADDITION.

This new vessel, the first of its kind, has both petrol and steam-propelling engines, as well as steam fire-pumps. It will throw four powerful jets, and can be started instantly on an alarm reaching the fire-station. The chief station is situated in the Palazzo Loredan, on the Grand Canal, close to the Rialto Bridge. Our illustration shows the new boat in front of the station. It has been built by Messrs. Merryweather.



Photo. Haechel.

THE WINTER FEEDING OF DEER IN A GERMAN FOREST.

In winter the deer in the German parks are specially cared for by the authorities. The feeding is usually done by one person, to whom the deer get accustomed, and the food consists chiefly of potatoes, carrots, beet, oats and maize. These photographs of deer in winter were taken in the forest of Primkenau. In this forest stands the castle in which the German Empress was born.



Photo, Abeniacar.

THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE POPE'S SWISS GUARD: A TABLEAU.
The Swiss Papal Guard has just celebrated the four-hundredth year of its existence with a series of historical tableaux performed in a court at the Vatican in presence of the Holy Father. That here represented was entitled "An Episode of War."



Photo, Topical.

THE ALGERIRAS CONFERENCE: A MEETING OF THE DELEGATES.
The Algeciras Conference makes slow progress with its work, as the Moorish envoys are constantly referring to Fez. Should the Conference fail, it does not necessarily mean that Germany will go to war with France.



ARRESTS OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF STE. CLOTILDE.



ARREST OF COUNT DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD AND OTHER RIOTERS.



THE DRUM SUMMONING ST. PIERRE TO SURRENDER.



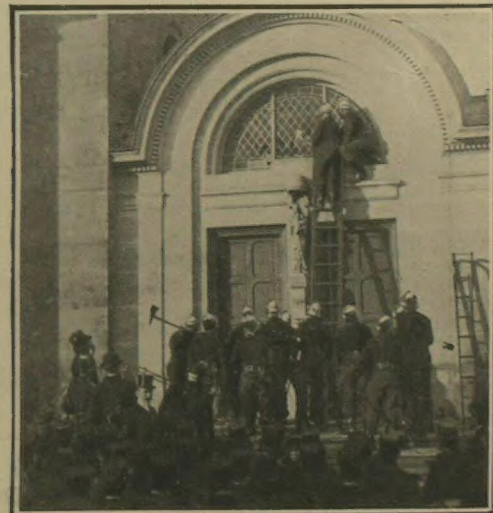
FIREMEN PLAYING INTO THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE.



THE POLICE OFFICIALS OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE DU GROS CAILLOU.



PILE OF CHAIRS OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE AFTER THE DEFENDERS WERE EXPELLED.



BREAKING THE DOORS OF ST. PIERRE.

THE CHURCH RIOTS IN PARIS: SCENES AT STE. CLOTILDE AND SAINT PIERRE DU GROS CAILLOU.

ST. PIERRE PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD; OTHERS BY "L'ILLUSTRATION."

In execution of the Separation Act, the French Government has been making an inventory of church property in Paris. When the officers of the law came to the church of Ste. Clotilde, they found themselves faced by a determined congregation, and only forced their way in after a desperate struggle, during which the interior of the church was wrecked. Many of the defenders bore great names, and among those arrested was one of the house of La Rochefoucauld. The church of St. Pierre du Gros Caillou was only cleared after firemen had flooded the building with water. One of the persons arrested was discharged by the magistrates on proving that he had been seized before the third beat of the drum, which is equivalent to the English provision that an hour must elapse between the reading of the Riot Act and military interference.

PRINCELY GOWNS FOR A REPUBLICAN BRIDE.

DRAWN BY S. FINDEVILLE.



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT'S WEDDING-GOWN AND OTHER MARVELS OF HER TROUSSEAU.

1. MRS. ROOSEVELT'S DRESS, FOR THE WEDDING.

Mrs. Roosevelt's gown for the wedding is made of very handsome point appliqué lace built over Liberty satin veiled in chiffon, and with chiffon and lace ruffles facing the underpart of the skirt. The gown is made with folds of lace draped upon the bodice and hung in a long train, with an effect of drapery upon the neck.

2. A TEA-GOWN IN ORIENTAL SILK.

The Oriental silk tea-gown is in moonlight blue. The bolero is a mass of Oriental embroidery caught on one side with a large bow.

3. THE TRAVELLING-DRESS.

The travelling-dress is in tan cloth. The jacket is a bolero supplemented with a vest of embroidery. The sleeves are three-quarter length. The skirt is pleated.

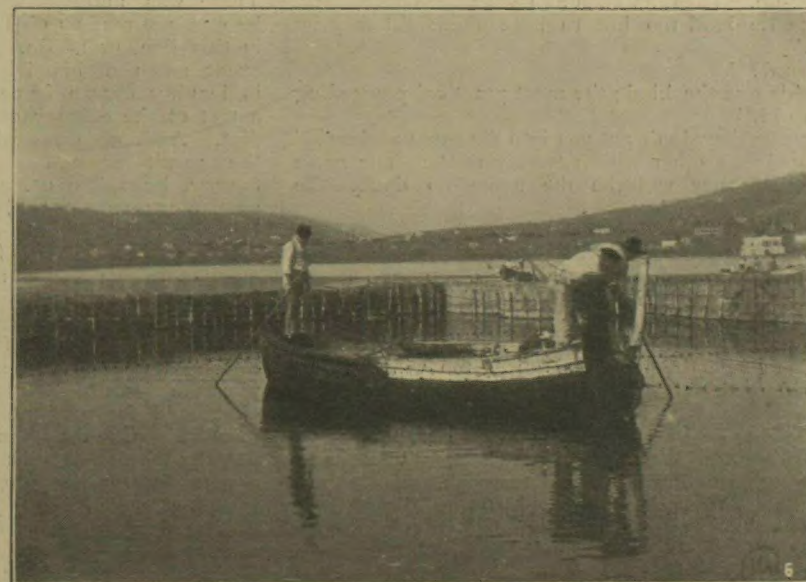
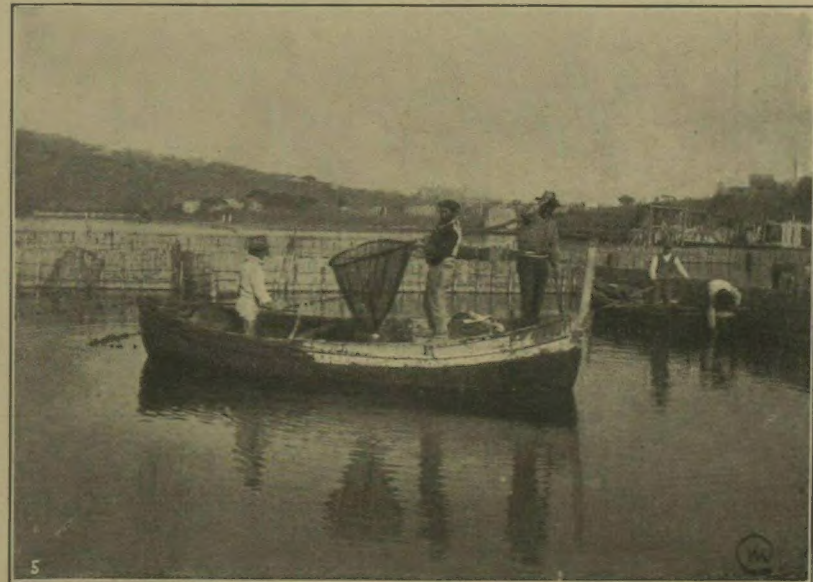
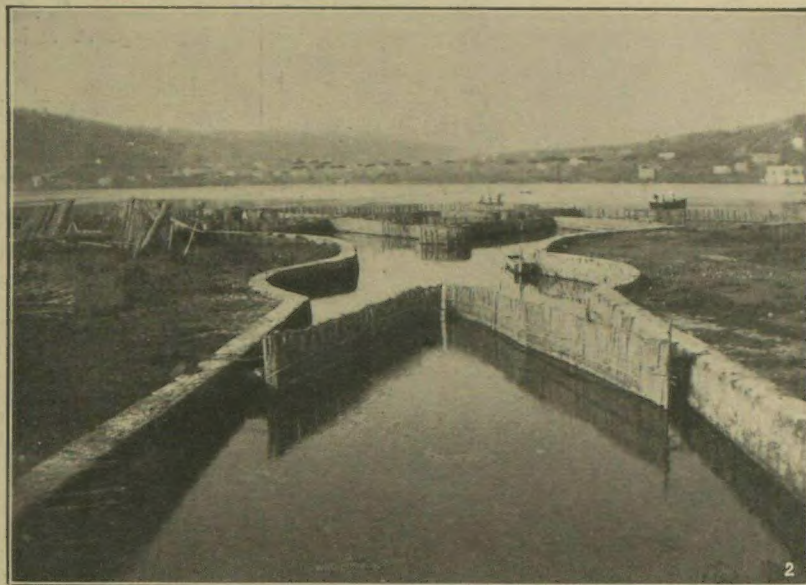
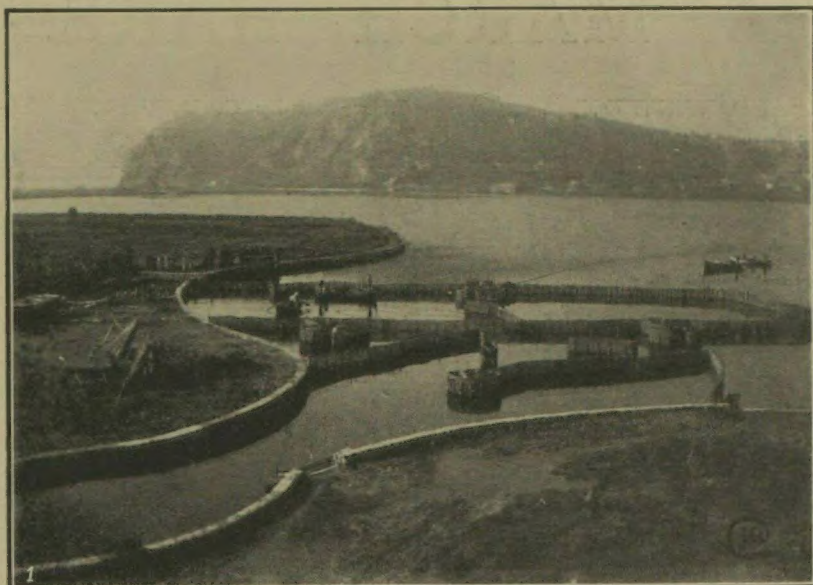
4 THE BUTTERFLY GOWN.

The famous butterfly gown is the most interesting thing in the trousseau. It is in thick white silk with beautiful lace round the décolletage. The butterfly broderie makes a thick border round the hem, the butterflies diminishing towards the waist and increasing again on the bodice.

5. THE WEDDING-GOWN.

The wedding-gown itself is of the richest white satin made en Princesse with berthe of point lace, deep in the front and narrow at the back; elbow sleeves are finished with a lace cuff. The train is the most remarkable part of this gown. It is of very heavy brocade, the design being the real Chinese tiger-lily. It is in Court style, fastened at the shoulders and extending in heavy folds behind.

FISH IN THE DEAD SEA: A NEW ITALIAN INDUSTRY.



1. GENERAL VIEW OF THE TWO FISH-RESERVOIRS.

3. LEAN FISH THIS YEAR.

5. KEEPING THE FISH ALIVE FOR THE SEGREGATION-POND.

2. LAKE AND LOCKS READY FOR THE AUTUMNAL FISHING.

4. DIRECTORS OF THE INDUSTRY.

6. SEARCHING FOR FISH BELOW THE LOCK.

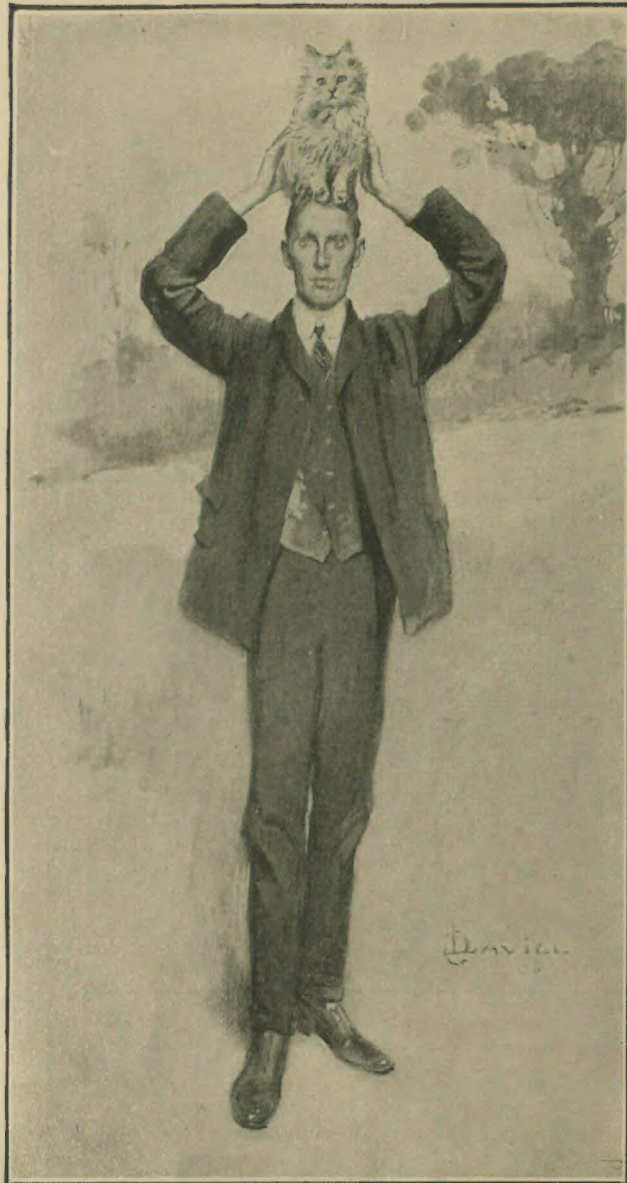
At Bacoli, midway between Procida and Messinum, there is an elliptical expanse of water which has from time immemorial been called the Dead Sea. It is now being used by private enterprise as a hatchery for fish.

AS A MARCH HARE.

By RICHARD WHITEING.



Illustrated by C. DAVIEL.



of us miserable to bed. I wished him good-night when he was taking his candle, but he cut me dead.

Next day he was better, only he wouldn't speak to a soul, except in answer to a question. He did his work, wrote his letters, but insisted on taking them to the post. And he broke up the Bridge party again by spending the evening in what seemed to be elaborate preparations for making his will.

They had the family doctor—not the mad one as yet—to luncheon next day. The artful patient veered round into perfect propriety for the occasion, and talked like a book. The doctor looked puzzled; the wicked uncle foolish. But as soon as the man of science had gone away, leaving a confidential prescription for golf, poor Sam worked up an entirely one-sided quarrel with the butler, and asked him if he wanted to fight.

"I wish I could see more into your game," I said, when we met that night.

"Why?"

"Well, you are so off and on, hot and cold. You're mad enough when there's nobody looking; but the moment they send for a witness you might give points to a dove."

"That's my low cunning. The insane are the greatest hypocrites alive. I'm done for in no time if they take me at that."

The offer of a few days' rest put him in a real temper, as threatening unnecessary delay. He now had an upset with the chief on some frivolous pretext—of course entirely unconnected with the real matter in hand—and gave it to him with a straightness that left nothing to be desired.

Then they wrote to his relatives.

One of these came—Colonel Dinningham, a good old fellow, but, I should say, rather soft.

Then Sam began his wretched by-play again. He took the Colonel by the arm, trotted him all over the grounds, and sang the praises of the tutor and his family. The old chap was mystified, and it seemed a bit too deep for the others too. At any rate, they never thought of making an excuse for putting him away, or even of turning him out.

I fancy they were unwilling to have a second affair of the same sort so soon after the first. It might get the place a bad name.

He wished them all anywhere for fools, at our next private conference, and afterwards plunged into greater extravagances than ever, by way of forcing the pace. He began to read all the advertisements in the papers—at any rate, those relating to food and health—and professed to regard their authors with almost religious veneration as the witnesses of truth. There was nothing which he was not ready to believe in this line, or to do. He spent much of his leisure in leaping over a fence as a test of the efficacy of his diet. And, on days when the result seemed satisfactory, he asked us, as a particular favour, to address him as Sunny Sam. He changed his bill-of-fare every morning; and he may be said to have breakfasted on fads. When they offered him meat he pushed it from him, and wailed out a supplication for protene. He clamoured for nuts at the most unseasonable hours; literally threw a dish of asparagus to the dogs; wallowed in raspberry juice and mineral waters; and professed to regard his progress in the absorption of albumen as others regard their progress in virtue. When he wanted another slice of toast he used the idiotic formula "Pass the bread-stuffs." There was no limit to it. He ordered a monster weighing-apparatus and a pocket-tape, and used them at every meal. You would find him at lunch in his solitary chair, nibbling a banana, and waiting to leave off at the turn of the scale.

When anything went wrong with him—and, of course, something went wrong pretty well every day—he tried to cure himself with advertised medicines. His room became a sort of museum of these preparations. The walls were almost repapered with testimonials, pinned up

under headings that seemed to include all the ills in the heirship of flesh. Now and then he invited strange beings to his room—understood to be patentees—and offered them their own preparations as light refreshments—not invariably, I thought, to their satisfaction. He had tabulated five-and-twenty prescriptions for dyspepsia, each warranted as the only way to salvation. The earnestness with which he discussed this conflict of testimony seemed to suggest the project of a new edition of that well-known publication, "Some Difficulties of Belief."

It all went for nothing. The family were startled, no doubt; but, if only for the prudential reasons already mentioned, they made no sign of doing what he wanted. When I sought him, as usual, in his room, he seemed gloomy in the extreme.

"Hang 'em!" he said. "What more will they have? I'm at the end of my tether."

"Just what I think."

"I'll have another go at 'em, for all that. But I must change the bowling, or the tactics, at any rate."

"I really begin to fancy it's no go."

"That's not like you."

"What's the matter with it?"

"To turn tail."

"No; I only mean—"

"You only mean you've forgotten a poor devil—your friend as well as mine—biting his nails off in that horrible hole. I tell you he worries me in my dreams. And, mark my words, if anything happens to him, worse will happen to us."

"My dear Sam, what are you driving at?"

"He'll do something to himself if they keep him there much longer. And if we let him be murdered—for that's what it's coming to—he'll walk."

"Banquo's ghost."

"You tire me."

"You are certainly mad enough, in all reason."

"Well, why don't they play up to me?"

"It's funny," I said, "there was nothing the matter with poor Tom; and see where he is now! The bigger the crank, the worse the chance, one might almost say."

IT is a strange story, no doubt, this story of my poor friend Sam, who, in full possession of his sanity, and with unfaltering purpose, never paused till he got himself shut up in a lunatic asylum.

Yet so it was; and for the simplest reason in the world. A chum of ours, Tom by name, had lately been snatched from the midst of us, and sent to a private institution of this sort. We had all three come together at an army-coaching place. To be quite candid about it, there was a strong suspicion of foul play on the part of Tom's uncle, a retired Major at the head of the establishment, who hoped ultimately to have the handling of his nephew's considerable fortune.

We had contrived to let the captive know that a rescue would be attempted. We felt that if we could get into actual touch with him, and have the full particulars of his case, we could soon set him free. But there was no doing this by ordinary means. Formal visits of the sort that take place before witnesses, who are also spies, were quite out of the question. Only long confidential intercourse, for a period, with the wronged man, free from all supervision, could give us what we wanted to make out a case for redress.

Sam was naturally of a chivalrous, not to say of a Quixotic turn.

"I'll do it," he said, one day, when we had talked over ways and means for the hundredth time. "I'll sham eccentricity till I get them to run me into the same lock-up. Then, as soon as I get poor Tom's story, I'll make England too hot to hold them till they let him out."

"Absurd!"

"Nothing of the kind; the most practical proceeding in the world."

"Suppose they don't put you into the same asylum?"

"There's no other within twenty miles. The same doctors—and they will be the same no doubt—the same jug."

"Ridiculous!"

"But do condescend to particulars. Why?"

"I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, as to that, Eddicott— Well, I'm going to have a shy at it anyway. I shall start shamming mad to-morrow; and mind you back me up."

"I don't like the look of it; it's too wild."

"Do drop thinking so much about yourself, my dear fellow. What about the under-dog?"

"But where do I come in as backer?"

"In this way. Your cue is I've been very funny lately, though you haven't cared to speak about it; and I ought really to be kept this side up with care."

He quite knew what he wanted; I only half knew what I did not want. It is hardly necessary to state the result. I agreed to stand in with him, and I was the only person in his secret.

Next morning he entered into the business of losing his wits with the most stupendous gravity. He began gently to develop a fit of unreasonableness that would have tried the temper of a saint. He muddled his work, sulked when they tried to help him, and finally stormed under a mild rebuke. He was clever enough, of course, to make it easy going at first. He suffered the storm to pass off in a fit of gentle melancholy that spoiled our Bridge party that evening, and sent most



He invited strange beings to his room, and offered them their own pills.

"Well, do say it—say it again," he said, brightening up, as if struck with a sudden idea.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Never mind: say it again."

I did so.

"That'll do," and he snapped his fingers with huge satisfaction and danced about the room.

I felt really uneasy about him. "You're quite sure you haven't been carrying this thing on too long?"

"Perhaps so; but I shan't have to carry it on much longer. Good night."

"But really do explain; won't you?"

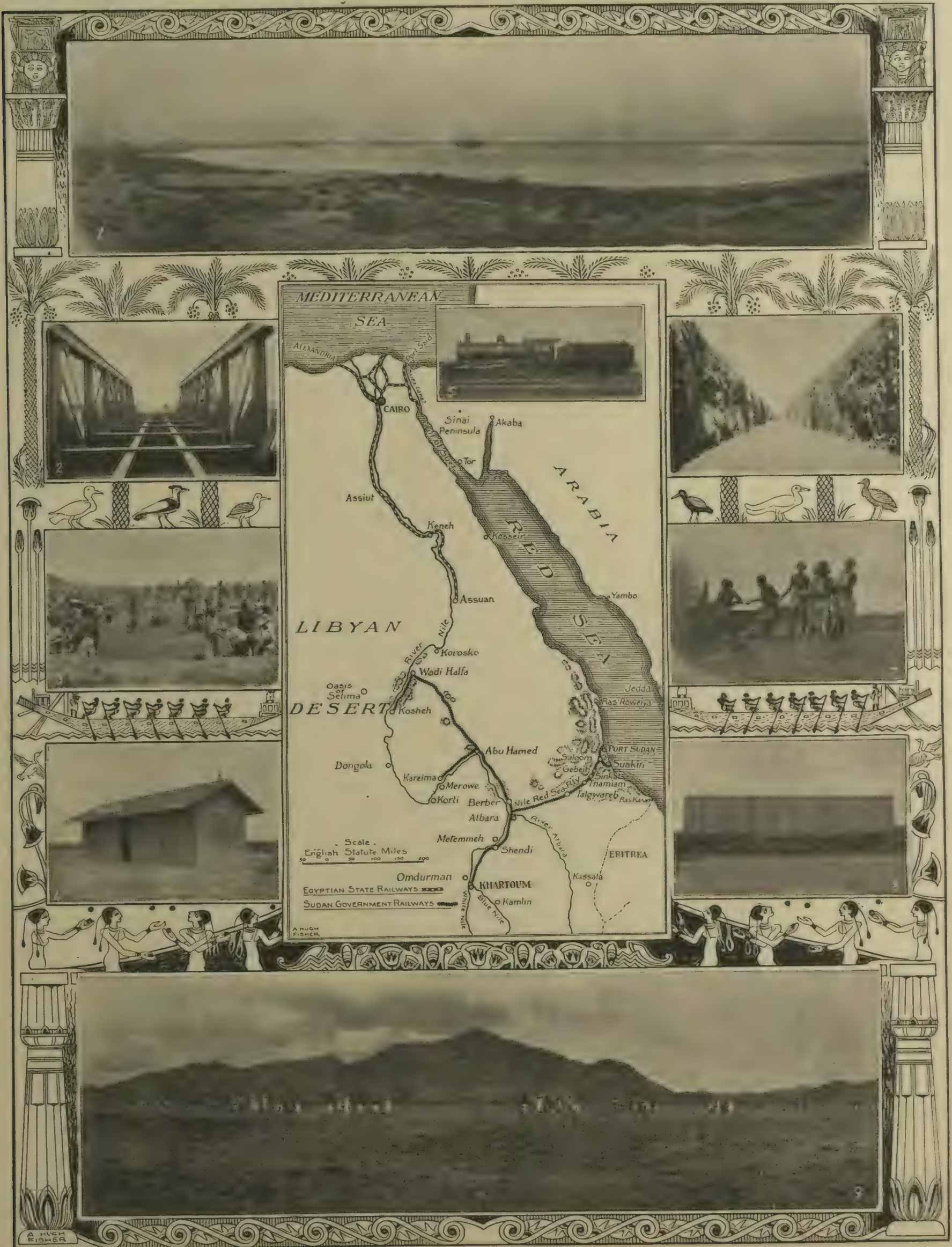
"Go away!"

And I had to leave it so.

[Continued overleaf.]

THE NEW NILE AND RED SEA RAILWAY, AND ITS CONSTRUCTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE SOUDAN GOVERNMENT; BORDER DESIGN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. THE BASE OF OPERATIONS ON THE RED SEA: SUAKIN HARBOUR.
2. ONE OF THE RAILWAY BRIDGES.
3. THE WORK IN PROGRESS.
4. HANDUB, A TYPE OF THE STATION BUILDING USED DURING CONSTRUCTION.

5. MAP SHOWING THE CONNECTIONS OF THE NEW LINE WITH THE EGYPTIAN STATE RAILWAYS AND THE SOUDAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS (IN CORNER, TYPE OF ENGINE USED IN THE SECTION BETWEEN PORT SOUDAN AND THE SUMMIT OF THE LINE).

6. A CUTTING IN KHOR KAMOBASANA.
7. HADENDOA ARABS HELPING TO ERECT A BRIDGE.
8. COVERED GOODS-WAGGON, ALL STEEL, TWENTY-FIVE TONS CAPACITY.
9. THE FIRST DAYS WORK.

The new line between Atbara Junction and Port Soudan was opened by Lord Cromer on January 27. The work has been directed by Colonel Macauley, R.E., and has been in progress since August 1904. The line, which is 307 miles long, runs from Atbara Junction to Port Soudan. This last is a better harbour than Suakin, but Suakin was used as the eastern base for the construction, owing to the greater facilities there existing when the line was begun. The highest point of the railway is 3010 feet above the Red Sea.

His behaviour changed entirely in the course of the next few days. All the waywardness and violence vanished. He was "hail fellow" with anybody, courteous, and gentle to the last degree; hard working to a fault. The advertisements were swept into limbo, the authors of testimonials were sent about their business, and the study of their works was replaced by that of the "Critique of Pure Reason." He played his rubber with the rest of us; and altogether conducted himself with so much sweetness and light that a small dinner-party was given to celebrate his recovery; and his relative the Colonel was asked.

It was a sultry evening, and the windows of the dining-room were thrown open. As Sam and I strolled in from the lawn after the second bell, the table looked wonderfully pretty under the rose-coloured shades. The Colonel was with us. Sam talked weather and non-committal items from the evening paper in a way that seemed to put the old gentleman entirely at his ease.

We entered the drawing-room, which also communicated with the lawn. As a mark of favour, Sam was asked to take down the hostess, and he smiled as though in grateful acknowledgment of the attention. Then, without a word of warning or the slightest change of countenance, he quietly took off his dress-coat and offered his shirt-sleeved arm to the old lady with a bow. She was too utterly upset to decline it; and, still discussing the beauty of the evening with the easiest manner in the world, he hauled her in.

It nearly wrecked the dinner at the start. The terrified woman could hardly mutter the responses, and the Colonel and the head of the house exchanged looks of consternation. It was impossible to pass it over in silence, yet the Major was evidently at a loss as to the right thing to say. At length he ventured on—

"Dinner first, Mr. Filby; billiards after, if you don't mind."

"Thanks; but I don't think I'll play to-night, it's so warm."

In all my life I have never sat down to a more wretchedly uncomfortable meal. They were naturally unwilling, in the circumstances, to make a scene about it; but they were silent and embarrassed, as though hesitating between the impulse to pitch him out, with his coat after him, or to offer him the long-desired strait-waistcoat in exchange. He alone seemed wholly unmoved. And, as to conversation, I am bound to say I have rarely heard him in better form.

The courses succeeded each other in gloomy procession, as at an Egyptian banquet of the dead. He worked his way through them with perfect self-possession, until it came to the third remove, when he rose with a bow to the whole company, and made his way to the door.

"Won't you finish your dinner?" gasped the Colonel.

"Thanks, I've had enough."

And passing again into the drawing-room he resumed his coat, and finally appeared on the lawn again, in rapt observation of the moon.

"Aren't you playing it rather low down on us?" I said, when the wretched business was all over and we had our usual meeting in his room. I was still in full sympathy with his purpose; but, I must say, I could not help feeling for the company too.

"I'm playing it according to the rules—the new ones. Ten to one they won't stand it a week longer; will that do?"

I threw up my window before turning in. The wicked uncle was showing the Colonel to the gate. The dear old chap seemed much distressed.

"Give him one more chance," I heard him say. "It would be such a dreadful blow to his poor mother."

"One more, then, for her sake, Colonel; but only one. I have my own family to think of."

There was a knock at my door. It was my poor chum. He seemed quite upset.

"Read that—you see there's no time to lose," and thrusting a bit of dirty paper through the chink, he went back to his room.

It bore just these words in lead pencil, "Look alive, Sam."

Our hostess held her weekly tea-party next day. There was the usual gang—the baronet's wife, the lord of the manor's daughter, and so on; myself—by accident—a drawing-room minstrel (you know the type), and a young fellow in orders who was so regular that we used to call him the curate-in-charge. The chatter was in full flow when, to our surprise, Sam dropped in.

He said very little at first, but bustled about with the muffins, and with an occasional sigh of weariness looked longingly towards the door.

"You are very silent," said the old lady, in a rallying tone.

"I don't happen to have anything to say," he returned sweetly.

They exchanged meaning glances and shook their heads. Presently he took up a volume of "Half Hours with the Best Authors," and asked us if we would care to listen to a rational word. And without waiting for an answer, he began to read some awful rigmarole from an old *Spectator* on the frivolity of modern fashionable conversation.

It was short and sharp work at last. The general practitioner called in the mad-doctor—the one who had done Tom's business—and even the poor old Colonel was obliged to acquiesce, though not without a final effort. He removed Sam to a small farm belonging to the family in the same quarter of the country as our place.

"There's not much hope, I fear," he said to me with tears in his eyes, "but my bailiff will be there to look after him; and the active employment may give the poor lad another chance."

It was no go. At the farm he went on more outrageously than ever. He began by raising the wages of the agricultural labourers all round, and, what was worse, giving most to those who were able to do least. A ditcher, with a family of five, who had rubbed on for years at fifteen shillings and his firewood, the current wages of the county, was instantly raised to a pound, and his coals. At the same time, an old couple, almost

"Very good, very good indeed," said the mad-doctor, trying to pose him on the other case. "The ditcher can do his day's work after all; but what about the two old derelicts who can't do a stroke, and who get five shillings more—not to speak of jelly and port wine from the house?"

"You see they want it more."

"They're so entirely useless."

"So entirely helpless, too, I do assure you."

"Do you call that paying people according to their services?"

"No; only paying them according to their wants."

"I give him up," said the Colonel, when this came to his ears. It was as good as done now. Each of the doctors saw him separately, and wrote his certificate, and the certificates were laid before a Justice of the Peace. All three were for detention; and in due time he was ready to be taken away.

The comedy of the transaction was exquisite. They thought they were fooling him when they persuaded him to accompany them in a carriage for a short drive. He knew he was fooling them when he assented to their proposal to call on an old acquaintance, and the carriage drew up at the door of the very asylum in which our friend was confined. Sam had expressed a wish for my company, and I was accommodated with a seat on the box. After the quiet completion of the formalities, in another room, he was handed over to the urbane proprietor of the establishment. They promised to call for him soon. He begged them not to hurry, and we drove away. I had no opportunity of speaking to him, but he gave me a wink of triumph which I shall never forget. And when I

got home I found a letter which he had somehow contrived to get posted, and this was how it ran—

DEAR DICK,—
Glory! I've done it at last! By the time you get this I shall be under the same roof with our poor chum, and hard at work on his case. We'll have him out in no time, and bring that old villain the Major to the stool of repentance.

But burn this as soon as you have read it, and don't give me away by any premature disclosures.

It was slow work at first, I must say, and I was feeling as tired of it as you were; but, after all, the farce has given me infinite delight.

And now for my secret—the secret I couldn't confide to you for fear you should spoil the game. You remember that day when I was so down in the dumps and you said something, without knowing it, which put me on the right tack. What you said was this, "The bigger the fool, the worse the chance of getting into an asylum." That was just it; I saw in a flash that

I had all along been going in the wrong line in playing up to them with mere extravagance and absurdities. My outrageous tempers, all my wild waste of good money with the advertised foods and advertised medicines, wouldn't do the trick, though they might have proved any man as mad as a March hare. They were willing to make all sorts of excuses for me, so long as I merely behaved like a fool.

Then came your wonderful tip that gave me the secret at last. And the secret is just this. *If you want everybody to think you mad, you have only to live according to reason.* The moment I saw this the thing was done. We're all so frightfully sympathetic to eccentricity, so horribly hostile to sense and truth. As soon as I began to be reasonable, they were ready to put me away. I removed a garment because I didn't want to wear superfluous clothing on a hot day. They shook their heads over me at once. I rose from table as soon as I had had enough, and left a dining-room with the atmosphere of a kitchen, for the pure air outside. I was madder than ever. But where was the madman? Choose between these silly people stuffing themselves into indigestion, and the wise man with a care for his health. Was I less wise, when I said nothing when I happened to have nothing to say? Why the finest Order in the world is founded on a rule of silence; and who was the sage who said he had sometimes repented of talking, never of holding his tongue? My treatment of my workpeople capped the climax—in fact it has sent me to the madhouse at last. Yet what is it but a touch of pure reason in human relations. You know the immortal maxim, the finest contribution of the ages to the science of being—"From each according to his powers; to each, according to his needs." It is a whole gospel of the higher life, yet you have only to act on it to find yourself in a madman's cell.

We very soon had Tom at liberty. Nothing could withstand the array of facts which his friend collected and smuggled out, and which I got published in the papers.

There is but one drawback; poor Sam himself, I regret to say, remains there to this day. It is regarded as a hopeless case. I am publishing this as a last, and, I am bound to add, a despairing effort to procure his release.

THE END.



He took off his dress-coat and offered his shirt-sleeved arm to the old lady.

bedridden, who lived mainly on a pittance from the parish, and scraps from the houses, which they had to fetch in all weathers, were advanced to twenty-five shillings, and put under the care of a nurse provided by their employer. The milk allowance from the house was continued; but Sam actually carried it himself to save the old gaffer the toil of mounting the hill. This, by the way, made the ditcher extremely discontented. He began to shake his head over his master, with the rest, and to declare that he ought to be put away. In fact, he loudly expressed his readiness to "go into the box" against him, should anything of that sort be required.

The doctors and a family lawyer, who now had his finger in the pie, pressed Sam hard on this point. He was deaf to all argument, though always with the suavity which was the most exasperating thing about him.

"It will raise wages all over the county," they urged, dealing first with the ditcher's case.

"So much the better; that's just what I want to do."

"But it won't leave a penny of profit for the estate at the end of the year."

"Then we'd better give up farming and take to something else."

"The man was very well satisfied before."

"He'd no right to be, poor devil. I assure you I cut it as low as I possibly could. Did you ever happen to look at the soles of his children's shoes?"

"Tut! tut!" said the solicitor; but one of the doctors gave him a warning look.

"The irreducible minimum, that's all I want for them; why even now they get fresh meat only three times a week."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the solicitor, losing his temper again. "Where do you come in?"

"Only after the others, of course. But I've gone on getting board and lodging, so far."

THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN BURMAH.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN INDIA.



BURMESE LADIES AND CHILDREN THROWING FLOWERS AT THE FEET OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

The Prince and Princess arrived at Rangoon on January 13. Burmah, like Japan, is a children's Paradise, and the 15,000 children who lined the processional route formed the prettiest part of the ceremony of welcome. The ladies and children wore the most exquisitely delicate coloured silks and muslins.

WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BURMAH: THE RANGOON VISIT.

DRAWINGS BY A. FORESTIER AND H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM SKETCHES BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE IN BURMAH.



A KAREN DANCE BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDEN PARTY.

The Karens are a wild tribe from the hills. The performers linked hands with their elbows together, and danced as one person. The women as they bent crossed their legs.



ELEPHANTS STACKING TIMBER BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

At Poozoondoung timber depot at Rangoon the Prince and Princess watched a gang of elephants stacking timber. As is well known, the elephant is exceedingly clever at this work. He seizes huge logs midway, and catches them between his tusks and his trunk. Those whose tusks have been cut drag the log by a rope. The scene recalls Kipling's "hathis pilin' teak," in "Mandalay."

BURMAH AS THE PRINCE SAW IT: PENCIL NOTES IN RANGOON.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



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| 1. WATERING THE STREETS: THE BURMESE BHISTI (THESE MEN ARE REALLY HINDU COOLIES). | 4. A CHRISTIAN BURMESE LADY GOING TO CHURCH. | 8. BURMESE PUPPETS: DILAPIDATED DANCING FIGURES. |
| 2. BURMESE NUNS. | 5. WORSHIPPERS AT THE SULE PAGODA. | 9. A FRUIT-SELLER. |
| 3. BURMESE MONKS. | 6. SHAN LADIES OF HIGH DEGREE. | 10. SHAN CHIEFS. |
| | 7. A SHRINE OF THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA. | 11. "WHEN I SAW HER SHE WAS S.MOKIN' OF A WHACKIN' WHITE CHEROOT."—(Kipling, "Mandalay.") |

WITH THE REVIEWER AND THE REVIEWED.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

IN the fourth volume of his "History of Modern England" (Macmillan), Mr. Herbert Paul carries the story from 1875 to 1885. The opening chapter finds Disraeli's last Ministry at the height of its power; the end of the volume shows us Gladstone, not yet converted to Home Rule, driven from office by a combination of Conservative and Parnellite votes. These ten years are not easy or pleasant for the pen of a Liberal politician; but Mr. Paul, who admires Disraeli, and does justice to Sir Bartle Frere, treats them judiciously. He gives a brisk and lively summary of events which are more or less familiar to all of us, but has really nothing new to say. It is impossible to write the inner history of a period so recent until many official documents and private memoirs as yet unpublished are given to the world. Nor can any of us approach some of the questions here discussed without a certain amount of bias. Perhaps the reflection that most keenly suggests itself after a retrospect of these times, is that England has had unparalleled good luck in muddling through her troubles. The Afghan War, the Zulu War, the annexation and retrocession of the Transvaal (with a certain affair at Majuba Hill), the occupation of Egypt and abortive campaign in the Soudan (marked by the sacrifice of Gordon), the Land League period in Ireland, the Kilmainham Treaty, and the Phoenix Park murders has any other country, within any ten years, during which it was not defeated in a war of first-rate importance, got into so many difficulties, handled them so stupidly, and escaped so unshaken? Mr. Paul's inevitable tittle-tattle about ritualistic parsons seems particularly out of place when he has been dealing with events so tragic and inglorious as some of these. But no doubt a temperament which will dwell with as much apparent interest on the proper vestments of a curate as on the spectacle of Gordon dying alone at his post, confident to the last that his country would not desert him, enables one to get through life easily. It is, however, a doubtful qualification for the writer of history. Mr. Paul can be epigrammatic, and he has taken pains to note all events of importance. But any smart journalist with a sheaf of "Annual Registers" could without much trouble compile a "history" as authoritative as the present experiment.

This has been a season of biographies, but few have aroused more anticipatory interest than that of Emma, Lady Hamilton (Constable), by Mr. Walter Sichel, already favourably known by his excellent "Bolingbroke and His Times." Mr. Sichel has evidently devoted an immense amount of time and prodigious industry to the task of reconstituting the personality of Nelson's enchantress. He writes throughout as a eulogist rather than as an apologist. To him Lady Hamilton is well-nigh perfect as wife and friend as well as lover. Yet, in spite of all Mr. Sichel's skill—and it is considerable—in spite of much new material which goes to show that Emma Hamilton was often most basely traduced, the story of the most famous *liaison dangereuse* of modern days remains sordid to a degree. In early youth Emma Lyon may have been more sinned against than sinning, but it is impossible to follow the writer of this book in finding any excuse for her conduct after she had become the honoured and cherished wife of Sir William Hamilton. The fact that Lady Nelson was a hard, unsympathetic, and narrow woman was no reason why Lady Hamilton should be unfaithful to the kindest, most generous, and if we are to believe Mr. Sichel, most strangely unsuspecting husband. The accounts of the trio's triumphal progresses not only on the Continent, but also through England, make repulsive reading. The fact that the great nobility received and entertained Nelson, his idol, and the husband whom all the world at that time thought complaisant, makes one but think the worse of pre-Victorian society, and yet evidently Mr. Sichel shares Emma's pained surprise that the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough refused to receive her at Blenheim! That Lady Hamilton loved Nelson with entire devotion, and that she remained absolutely faithful to his memory during the few years that she survived him, is now generally admitted. This is scarcely the place to go into the difficult question of her services to the State; and that she was scurvily treated no one can doubt who reads this book carefully. On the other hand, it must be remembered that she did not so act, even after Nelson's death, as to command the pity or respect of those about her who might be counted on to be impartial.

In days when Charles II. of Spain died childless, leaving the great dominions of the Spanish crown to the Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., the Princess des Ursins, widow of Prince Orsini, was appointed to the post of Camarera-Mayor (Mistress of the Household) to the Queen of Spain, the young Princess of Savoy. Madame des Ursins was a woman of more than common attainments. St. Simon said of her that she ruled Spain, and that her history deserved to be written; and in "A Story of the Princess des Ursins" (John Lane) Miss Constance Hill has endeavoured to fulfil the task that St. Simon deemed worthy of accomplishment. Modern readers will confirm his judgment. It is easy to understand that the life of that very clever woman should appeal to intelligent women of the present age. The extraordinary mental vigour of Madame des Ursins, her clear outlook upon politics, her genius for intrigue—upon which, by-the-way, Miss Hill lays very little stress—her

generous heart, her many sympathies, and her unflinching courage, must needs win the admiration of succeeding generations. It was no small matter to be Mistress of the Queen's Household in the years when the seventeenth century was upon its death-bed; the post demanded many gifts. Miss Hill's narrative is carefully compiled and attractively written, and readers who wish to enjoy a glimpse of the Courts of Spain and France in days when questions relating to the Spanish succession were, as in 1870, matters to fight about, may be directed with confidence to the volume.

Mr. Marion Crawford's work ("Gleanings from Venetian History," by F. Marion Crawford. Two vols. Macmillan) is not in a very serious sense historical, but will give a fair general idea of Venice in the ages. The material for Venetian history is over-abundant, for specialist-historians have divided her centuries into periods; and besides there have been many Venetian diarists, her archives are rich, her records are painted as well as written, and in addition to all else there is that great Venetian literature which is the work of Ruskin. Therefore, two volumes which are figuratively if not materially light (they are, in fact, exceedingly heavy to the hand) and largely interrupted by illustrations, can be no more than sketchy, as their modest title describes them. They have value, however, for Mr. Crawford's judgments are invariably sane. It may be more interesting to treat Venice with prejudice—to call her "the red" with Alfred de Musset, or to paint her blue and white with Turner; but it is not so just. She is the opal of cities, and wears the colour the spectator loves, for he may choose it by choosing the hour and the light. It is much the same with her history as with her aspect and her colour. Though it has generally seemed romantic to dwell on the crimes of Venice rather than on her virtues, and rather than on the crimes of other States, Mr. Crawford avoids that kind of picturesqueness, and has attention to spare for the Venetian charitable institutions which in the Middle Ages were models for the rest of Europe. The Venetian hospital for foundlings, for example, was one of the earliest to combat that practice of infanticide which is the evil of young and of old civilisations. In Venice the means of death were always at the doors, and a special effort was needed by Roman charity to stop the drowning of young children in the Tiber, and, by Venetian, in the sea. Both efforts were effectual. And so, in the Adriatic city, was the enterprise of succour of the "ashamed poor." The ancient hospitals of Venice are in active order at this day. But it is not of this day that Mr. Marion Crawford treats; he does but bring his record down to the penultimate times—the last of the merry and the splendid ages in which Venice was "oppressed." To go further would be to write the story of a slow vulgarisation. It is true that this city cannot be marred as others are. She is built once for all, and so there is no building; there are no walls to throw down, as in Florence, or gates as in Genoa, no suburbs to add, as in all the altered cities of Italy. But the ill-luck of our days is fulfilled in the sky. Time was when the most useful thing was also beautiful, and its use was a part of its beauty; but the useful factory—it is something, materially speaking, very vile in Venice, a manufacture of sulphur accomplished by means of dense coal-smoke—is unfortunately the ruin of the light, the sky, the horizon, the day and the night, and will, in time, finally blacken the houses. For the first time in their history, too, the people are beginning to be drunken. Mr. Crawford's book is abundantly illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell, who shows extraordinary ability in the placing of a delightfully pictorial composition—instantly interesting—upon his paper.

Mr. Cornford has done well to republish his articles from the *Standard* on the condition of the London poor. "The Canker at the Heart" (Richards) is one of the most depressing books we have encountered; but it contains matter which should be studied by every Englishman—if only that we might learn to moderate the tone of self-righteousness in which we discuss the condition of the lower classes in Russia. For seventy years our middle-class has governed England. At the beginning of its reign the social condition of the country was so desperate (as we are always being reminded) that a drastic alteration of the Poor-law system was necessary. And now? He will be a sanguine man—or a professional politician—who will dare to say, after reading Mr. Cornford, that in London, at any rate, things are much improved. The State, it is true, educates—that is to say, it gives useless information to boys and girls whom the pinch of poverty or the selfishness of parents turns on to scrap-work, so that they never learn a trade or handicraft. Our author is not one of those sentimentalists who pretend that the poor man is a model of virtue. He deals faithfully with Trade Unions, the restriction of output, the indulgence in beer. But he throws a strong search-light on the ragged edges of the social system which contents so many of us. He does not suggest remedies; he states facts, and his pages bear the stamp of sincerity. The new Poor-law Commission is just setting to work, and this little book sketches the most pressing problems which lie under its purview. Occasionally Mr. Cornford is a trifle slapdash: what was the use of writing in 1905 that an Aliens Act which had not yet come into force is "waste-paper"? And sometimes he bewilders by the allusive method where the direct would serve better. But the book is not an economic treatise, and in graphic description it is painfully successful.

THE HUB OF THE UNIVERSE.

IT is but right to say at once that we are not discussing here a work on the topography of Boston, Mass., U.S.A. Mr. J. Holden Macmichael, the author of a new and valuable contribution to London topography, "The Story of Charing Cross and its Immediate Neighbourhood" (Chatto and Windus), shelters himself behind the opinion of Sir John Herschel, who claimed that Charing Cross might be accurately described as "nearly the centre" of the terrestrial hemisphere. "One cannot but think," says Mr. Macmichael modestly, "that the Boston man flies his kite rather high when he devotedly claims Boston State-house as the centre of the Solar system, a belief which 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table' says you could not pry out of him if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." "Paris," again, says Mr. Macmichael, "is justly styled the hub of fashion, and Calcutta, if one may use the word, is a 'swagger' city; but London is the centre, not only, as the cabman will tell you, of the four-mile radius, but of the capital of an Empire where the sun has actually had to abandon his search for a night's lodging." With this sweeping away of the bogey of Boston, all good Londoners are justified in regarding Charing Cross as the very hub of the wheel of life.

When Queen Victoria planned a monument to the memory of Prince Albert, she naturally took as a model Charing Cross—the present-day equivalent of the noble memorial of the devotion of Edward I. for his Queen, Eleanor. The intelligent and pampered grandson of Macaulay's schoolboy knows Charing Cross Station as the scene of a recent regrettable accident. That it occupies the site of the old Hungerford Market he certainly knows as little as he does that the Cross in front of it is a memorial of the marital devotion of the first of the Edwards. The well-authenticated story runs that wherever the funeral cortège of Queen Eleanor stopped on its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster, there King Edward caused a cross to be erected. The last of these was at the village of Charing, a small collection of houses at a bend of the Thames, half-way between the Cities of London and Westminster.

On the meaning of Charing much ink has been uselessly spilt. The Anglo-Saxon word "Cerr" means a turn. We see that word in the prosaic term "charwoman," one who, as Mr. Macmichael with unconscious humour explains, "takes a turn at work." The derivation is, no doubt, sound, though he might well have accommodated it to modern experience by writing "one to whom work gives a turn." There is ample evidence to show that Charing, the village at the "turning" of the river, was long antecedent to the funeral of Queen Eleanor. There is ground even for believing that a cross existed here before King Edward erected his monument on the site now occupied by the equestrian statue of King Charles at the top of Whitehall. The present Charing Cross, in front of the station, carefully constructed after the model of the Northampton and other Eleanor crosses, was the work of E. M. Barry, a son of the architect of the Houses of Parliament.

The difficulty of Mr. Macmichael's task is evident when we think of the position of Charing Cross. Half-way between the City and Westminster, the old village of Charing—a few houses, surrounded by open fields, where Cockspur Street now stands—was naturally destined to become the hub of the universe, to tell the history of which in full were to rewrite the history of all London, if not of all England. It is little to Mr. Macmichael's discredit to say that he has failed to keep his subject in hand. The marvel is that with the method he has adopted he has had the courage to complete his survey at all. For, not content with trying to enumerate the most distinguished residents in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, he has been unable to refrain from telling us of many occasional visitors and of diverting pages in their lives elsewhere. Thus, to take only one instance, it is not enough for Mr. Macmichael to give us a whole page concerning Goldsmith's visit to Northumberland House, but he must needs devote another page to recount Oliver's blundering entrance into the Duke's house at Bath. There are many instances in literature where books owe their chiefest charm to their irrelevance. Mr. Macmichael's is not one of these exceptions. The irrelevance irritates and does not amuse or edify, and it spoils the usefulness of a guide-book to one of the most interesting parts of London.

Enthusiasm and industry will always cover a multitude of sins on the part of a historian of London. These qualities we cannot deny Mr. Macmichael. His erudition is not entirely concealed by his redundancy. Cockspur Street, the original village of Charing, was so named, he tells us, because of its trade in artificial cockspurs. "Reason for thinking that this is so exists in the remarkable fact that steel cockspurs are at the present time still being sold by old-established cutlers in the neighbourhood of Cockspur Street, as I have ascertained by personal inquiry. The sport is not unknown in the recesses of the Cumberland mountains, and ready purchasers of cockspurs are to be found among even our own county gentry. The principal trade, however, I am given to understand, is with the native Princes and others of India, and with wealthy citizens of the South American Republics." For a few facts of this sort we should gladly have bartered many pages telling us of the various monstrosities exhibited from time to time by showmen near Charing Cross.

THE PRINCE AT HYDERABAD.



THE NEW GOLCONDA.



THE MUSEUM, HYDERABAD.



THE GOLCONDA TOMBS.

THE RACECOURSE AT HYDERABAD.



THE AFZAL BRIDGE.

ASMAN CHUR, HYDERABAD.



THE CHAR
MINAR
COLLEGE.



THE RESIDENCY, HYDERABAD.



THE DRAWING-ROOM, BUSHIR BAGII PALACE, HYDERABAD.

SCENES IN GOLCONDA AND HYDERABAD.

The town was founded in 1589 by Kutab Shah, a descendant of Kuli Kutab Shah, who founded the dynasty of Golconda. Hyderabad stands amid wild and picturesque scenery, and viewed from the west, the city is wonderfully magnificent. One of the most interesting buildings is the College, or Char Minar, so called from its four minarets, built upon four grand arches at which the principal streets of the city meet. Under these arches the Prince drove.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHNSTON AND HOFFMANN, L. E. A., GIBSON, THE EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY, AND DR. RUTTER.

THE "UNFINISHED" TURNERS AT THE TATE GALLERY:



WATTEAU PAINTING.



STUDY OF SKY AND SEA.



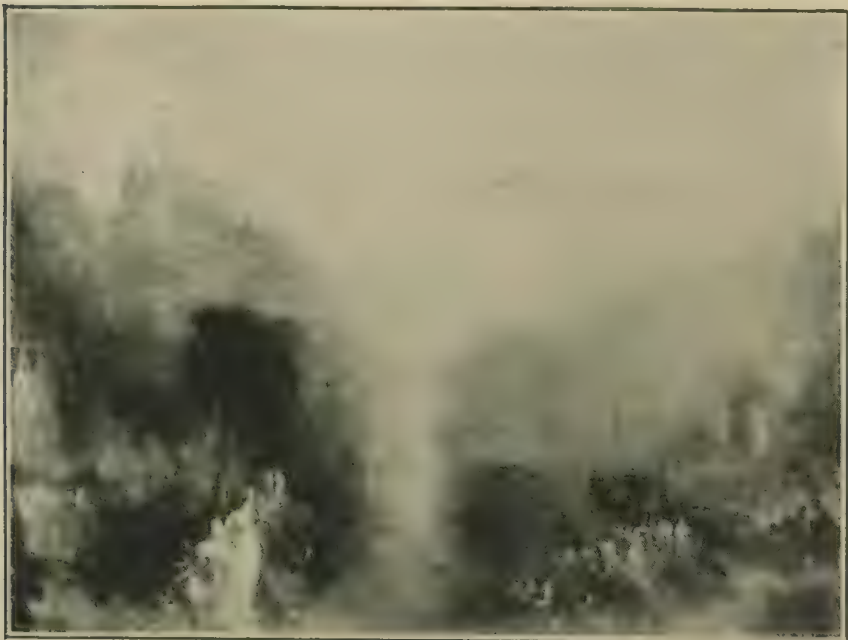
LORD PERCY UNDER ATTAINDER, 1606.



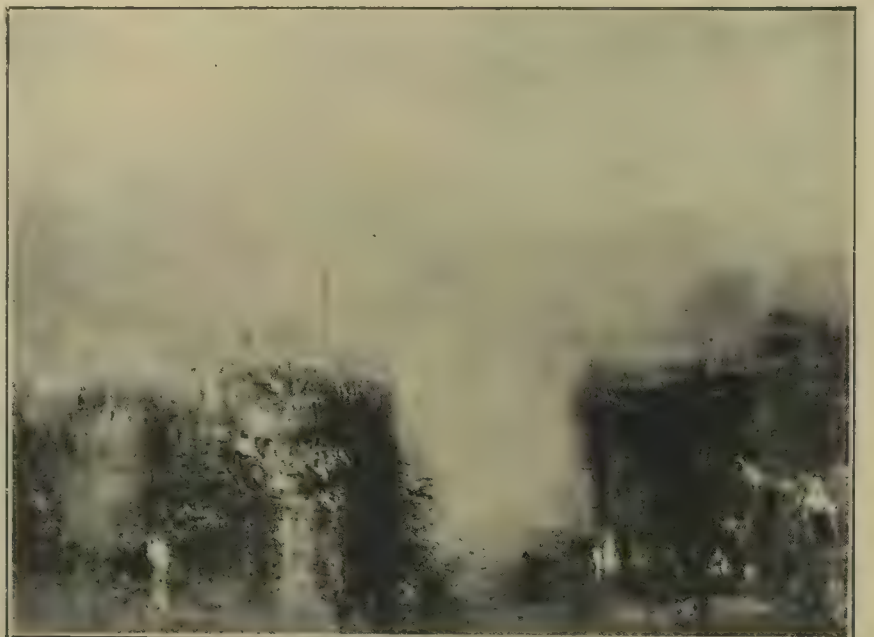
A REGATTA ON THE MEDWAY.



SHIPPING ON THE MEDWAY.



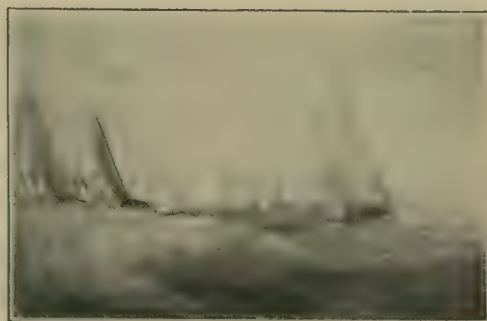
THE VISIT TO THE TOMB.



AENEAS RELATING HIS STORY TO DIDO.



YACHT-RACING IN THE SOLENT.



YACHT-RACING IN THE SOLENT.



A RIVER SCENE WITH CATTLE.

On February 5, twenty-four pictures by Turner were seen for the first time by the public in Room No. 11 at the Tate Gallery. After Turner's death Ruskin separated the finished from the pictures should be exhibited. They have been perfectly preserved, and are often far more

THE NATION'S REDISCOVERED ARTISTIC WEALTH.



BREAKERS ON A FLAT BEACH.



BETWEEN DECKS.



THE BAY OF BAIÆ.



MERCURY SENT TO ADMONISH AENEAS.



WHALERS.



HARVEST HOME (A SKETCH).



THE DEPARTURE OF THE TROJAN FLEET.



ROCKY BAY: CLASSIC FIGURES AND SHIPS.



SHIPPING ON THE MEDWAY.



SHIPPING OFF A HEADLAND.

unfinished works in oil, and the unfinished (so-called) were stowed away in cellars with their faces to the wall. The trustees of the National Gallery, have, however, decided that the unfinished brilliant than the more familiar canvases, which are said to have suffered from varnish.



THE WAGES OF BLOOD: THE HIRING OF A BRAVO.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

In former days, unscrupulous persons held themselves at the disposal of great dignitaries of Church and State to commit any crime for which they were well paid. Cardinal Richelieu, as readers of "Under the Red Robe" will remember, was glad to avail himself of the services of such secret emissaries.

THE FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF FREDERICK VIII. OF DENMARK.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELFELT.



KING FREDERICK ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE FROM THE BALCONY OF THE AMALIENBORG PALACE, COPENHAGEN, AFTER HIS PROCLAMATION.

On January 30 the Danish Prime Minister, Mr. Christensen, appeared at noon in the balcony of the Amalienborg Palace, and addressing the crowd, cried: "The King is dead. Long live his Majesty King Frederick VIII. of Denmark!" Almost immediately afterwards the new King, wearing General's uniform, also appeared on the balcony, and addressed the people as follows: "Our old King, my dearly-beloved father, has closed his eyes. He fell asleep peacefully and calmly, having faithfully discharged his royal duties to the last. In taking over the heavy heritage placed upon my shoulders, I cherish the confident hope and offer up the sincere prayer that the Almighty may grant me the strength and the happiness to carry on the government in the spirit of my dearly-beloved father, and the good fortune to arrive at an understanding with the people and their chosen representatives on all that tends to the good of the people and to the happiness and well-being of the beloved Fatherland. Let us join in the cry, 'Long live the Fatherland!'"

IN THE THOUGHTS OF THE ALGECIRAS CONFERENCE: MOROCCO'S SULTAN AND HIS CAPITAL.

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.



1. THE ANCIENT WALLS OF FEZ, THE HOLY CITY OF THE MOROCCAN EMPIRE.

2. THE PALACE WALLS, WITH THE SULTAN'S CAMP IN THE DISTANCE.

3. ABDUL-AZ-IZ, EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

4. THE CEILING DECORATION OF THE SULTAN'S BILLIARD-ROOM AT FEZ.

5. STRONGER THAN IT APPEARS: AN ANCIENT FORT AT FEZ, WITH MODERN ARMAMENT.

Fez is one of the three residences of the Sultan, and was founded 793 A.D. It is surrounded by old walls and has an ancient fort at each of its extremities, east and west, with three in ruins outside the walls. The fort in our fifth illustration, although antiquated-looking, is supplied with modern artillery, and could offer a strenuous resistance. The holes in the wall of the right-hand top illustration were left by poles inserted during building. They were probably plastered over, and were gradually reopened by pigeons. During the Conference, special couriers are constantly passing between Algeiras and Fez.

CURIOSITIES OF BIG GAME HUNTING IN INDIA, AND A DISTINGUISHED SPORTSMAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



RHINOCEROS IN THE JUNGLE, NEPAL.



AN ELEPHANT RESTING.



A CHANGE FROM THE QUARTER-DECK: LORD CHARLES BERESFORD ON A RHINOCEROS' HEAD.



THE HEAD OF A RHINOCEROS AND A YOUNG RHINOCEROS.

The trophies of a rhinoceros-hunt are the head and the feet. Our third photograph, which shows these, is a memento of one of Lord Charles Beresford's big-game shooting expeditions.

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE - GIRLS: OPERATORS REPLACED BY MACHINES.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



TELEPHONE-SUBSCRIBERS THEIR OWN EXCHANGE-OPERATORS.

By an ingenious system of indicators on the transmitter, the subscriber can make automatic combinations corresponding to the number required. This combination, acting on the complicated array of revolving drums at the exchange, picks up the connection with the number required, and puts the caller and the called in communication. On another page appears a descriptive article.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

ALL nations naturally hate each other. This is obvious, for every nation would be a "world-nation" if it could, which means that each nation thinks that it would be happier if it filled the globe with its own harmonious speech, undisturbed by any foreign languages. The state of mind is not very reasonable; but we are all like Bill Sikes's dog—"Doesn't he hate other dogs as are not of his breed?" Probably the hound had not, in reality, despite the partiality of his friends, any such strictly human emotions. Hares do not hate rabbits, and red-deer entertain no animosity to roe-deer.

Historical memories, in a feeble way, keep alive international hatreds, because every nation has bullied every other when it had the chance. But people, as wholes, know very little of history. It is said that an English gentleman named Talbot was once black-balled at a famous French club in a curious way. The members entertained no kind of objection to him; his name suggested nothing unfriendly; but a Hebrew member told them that a Talbot was to blame for the burning of Jeanne d'Arc. The members had never heard of any Talbot before; but they pursued the feud against the name and clan. If this story be true, and very probably it is not, a little history is a dangerous thing. Talbot and the Maid were fair and chivalrous foes, and he had nothing to do with the shame of her death. But all little French boys and girls learn that the English burned the Maid—perhaps they do not know so well that the English could not have done this had the French doctors not tried and condemned her—so they hate the English, very naturally. What else can be expected? I have not studied French school histories, which may be quite fair and impartial, but I have looked over a number of Scottish histories for school-children. They were not amusing, as they might easily have been made, but they were fair. There was no attempt to proselytise, to make boys and girls into little Cavaliers (which it is their natural instinct to be) or little Covenanters. The character of Queen Mary was left as an open question, and Caledonian passions were not aroused against "our auld enemies of England." The children might be trusted to take sides, but they were not encouraged to be partisans.

From a paper by Mr. Welsh in the *Educational Review* (New York) one gathers that this calm does not, or did not recently, brood over "English History in American School Text-Books." Perhaps young Americans do not care much about English history. I once conducted an intelligent young American through St. Andrews, ruthlessly imparting information about the places where martyrs were burned, and Reformers rioted, and Chastelard had his silly head cut off, and a Prince was, says legend, bottled up in the Bottle Dungeon. He did not conceal his want of interest; and I became conscious that he had never heard of the Reformation. Why should he? The Reformation did not happen in the United States. What an American boy remembers about English history is that his countrymen "whipped" us. They did, and that is all I know about the matter myself: "it is not my period." But, though whipped, I bear no malice, none of us does; as Talbot himself said when taken prisoner by the French, "It is fortune of war." The American school-boy has been taught, or used to be taught, to bear malice, and, says Mr. Welsh, "young America, until recent years, has been brought up in just as one-sided a way of looking upon England, as young England was formerly brought up to look upon France." All this is human nature.

A report of 1898 on school-books corroborates Mr. Welsh. The History of the States was all about "the noble Indian" (a nice fellow he was!), "noble Pilgrims," "quaint Dutch," "brutal tyranny of the British," "glorious victories," and the children go into the playground and throw stones at effigies of red coats. Who would do otherwise? Where would be the fun if you did not?

Examples of historical lessons are given. "William Pitt, the friend of America, declared that she had no right to manufacture even a nail for a horse-shoe, except by permission from Parliament." Did he really? It seems to be implied that he did not, but how many Britons know whether he did or didn't? Children are always told that the English had Red Indian allies, but "there is little or no mention of the employment of Indians by the Americans." What else can you expect? But, we are informed, English school histories are perfectly fair to America; perhaps one may think them too fair.

Do many British children learn that brief and inglorious part of our history? It used not to be so: we stopped at Culloden in my childhood. The introduction of foreign troops during the American War of Independence by England has been one of the atrocities pointed out to American youth. But how many Britons know that the Georges, by way of encouraging England to be English, always threw Dutch and Swiss troops into this country, while our Jacobite ancestors played their Swedish, French, and Spanish troops, or tried to do so? Had not the Americans a few French allies? I once asked an American patriot whether American school-children were fully instructed in that point. His face displayed a struggle between patriotism and truth, but he replied, "No, they are not." He may have been mistaken, but that is what he said. Meanwhile, our own histories are about as fair, in their accounts of the period of the Reformation, as the American school histories are said to have been in their accounts of the brutal Britons. Children are not fond of their lessons, and, if they are offered calm, judicial school histories, they will hate their lessons more than ever. No cool, reasonable school-book will prevent them from being ferocious little patriots and partisans. They cannot be kept "up to date," or made understand why a recent writer treats Magna Carta as a piece of humbug.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

H O R MUTTUKISTNA (Puttalam, Ceylon).—Your solution of No. 3215 is correct, and has been acknowledged. We will examine your problem and publish it if up to our standard, but we have no competition in which it can take part.

R BEE (Colsterworth). The fact that your own solution gives an alternative for the first move is fatal. There must be no choice.

MADAJAM (Trichinopoly).—Every reader is at liberty to send solutions, which, if correct, we are always glad to acknowledge. We have managed to understand what you mean, and give you credit below for same.

A W DANIEL (Brilligend).—Your problem is very acceptable. We can quite understand what pleasure it must give you to find a foe worthy of your steel.

J DALLIN PAUL.—We now understand the purpose of the Queen, and will give the problem further consideration.

A W YOUNG (Edinburgh).—These things must always be balanced one against the other, and we appreciate your point of view; but we have to follow a standard which, if somewhat arbitrary, errs on the safe side.

H R (Chancery Lane).—No apology is needed; we are always glad to welcome new composers, and consider their contributions.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3213 received from Laurent Changuion (Vredenburg, Cape Colony); of No. 3217 from Malajam Trichinopoly; of No. 3219 from J Holleman (Kampen, Holland), and D B R (Oban); of No. 3220 from Sorrento, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Belle, E A King, D B R (Oban), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), W H Hamlyn (Falmouth) and J Holleman (Holland); of No. 3221 from David Weir (Fivemiletown), Hereward, T Roberts, Laura Greaves (Shelton), D Newton (Lisbon), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), C E Perugini, Eugene Henry, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H S Brandreth (Rome), A W Young (Edinburgh), Rev A Mays (Bedford), and E G Rodway (Trowbridge).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3222 received from Edith Corser (Reigate), J Hopkinson (Derby), Sorrento, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), A F Warren (Brighton), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), A W Roberts (Sandhurst), Shadforth, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), John F Blair (Liverpool), Seonic, J A Corstorphin-Wilson (Hanwell), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), E J Winter-Wood, Hereward, C E Perugini, T Roberts, F R Pickering (Forest Hill), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F Miller (Bournemouth), J D Tucker (Ilkley), David Weir (Fivemiletown), R Worters (Canterbury), and F Henderson (Leeds).

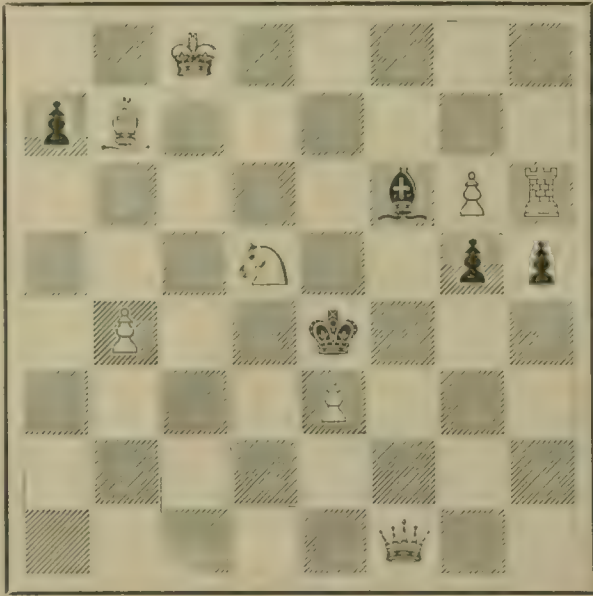
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3221.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 7th K to Q 3rd
2. Kt to B 7th (ch) K moves
3. Mates.

If Black play 1. Kt to B 6th, 2. Kt to K 6th (ch); and if 2. any other; 2. Kt to B 7th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3224.—By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club between Messrs. SOUWINE and MARSHALL.

Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	15. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to R 6th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	16. B to B 4th	Q to Kt 7th
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	17. Q to Kt 6th	K to R sq
4. B to K 2nd	P to K 3rd	Black's "dumness" against what appears an overwhelming attack is amusing, but it is clever and cool-headed chess.	
5. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	18. B takes P	Kt to K 2nd
6. P to K B 3rd		19. Q to R 5th	B to K B 4th
		20. K R to K sq	Q R to B sq
		21. R to Q 2nd	

It is to be presumed the opening has been made purposely irregular on both sides, but not, as we think, to White's advantage. He is now almost compelled to castle Queen's Rook, and the open Q B file for Black is an undoubted weakness.

6. Kt to B 3rd Castles
8. B to K Kt 5th P to Q 3rd
9. Kt to Kt 3rd

Where it remains for the rest of the fight.
9. Q to Q 2nd B to R 2nd
10. Q to K 4th P to R 3rd
11. B to K 4th Kt to B 3rd
12. Castles Q R Kt takes P

Promising at once a very lively game.
13. Kt takes Kt Q takes B
14. Q takes Q P P to K 4th

Another game played in the same Tournament between Messrs. FOX and HAIRD.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	18. P to K B 4th	B to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. B to K 3rd	
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	A pretty little trap into which Black instantly falls. It is not, however, obvious at sight that Black's unguarded King's Rook is the seat of danger.	
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	20. P takes Kt	B takes B
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	21. K takes B	B takes P (ch)
6. K to K sq	B to Q 2nd	22. R takes R	P takes P
7. P to Q B 3rd	H to K 2nd	And Black's game is hopeless.	
8. P to Q 4th	Castles	23. R to K 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Q to K sq	24. R to K 7th	R to Q sq
Losing a Pawn with no compensation in position.			
10. B takes Kt	B takes B	25. Kt to B 5th	R to Q 3rd
11. P takes P	P takes P	26. K to K 3rd	R to Q B 3rd
12. Kt takes P	R to Q sq	27. K takes P	K to B sq
13. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt	28. R takes P (ch)	Resigns
14. Q to B 3rd	B to B 4th		
15. P to K 5th	Q takes Q		
16. P takes Q	K R to K sq		
17. Kt to Kt 3rd	R to Q 4th		

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ELECTIONS.

THE election season through which we have just passed presents to the student of mental science not a few phases such as he is bound to regard with interest. The author who said that the study of crowds threw a good deal of light on the evolution and course of human instincts and passions, might very well have had in view an election season as the text for his remark. It is much the same in time of war. The war-fever might be described by the observer of mental things and ways very much as a physician notes the incubation, the development, the full sway, and finally the decline of a bodily ailment of the kind named.

Perhaps one of the most typical features seen in the course of the election, especially where feeling runs high and where intense excitement prevails, is the influence upon the units of a community of that element of sympathy which exercises a powerful effect in other phases of human life. It is a well-known fact that this sympathy, born of the desire to imitate, will operate under circumstances of very diverse nature. It is no uncommon thing to find that if one person faints, for example, in a meeting of any kind, several others will follow his or her example. What brings about this result in the way of a direct cause is difficult to determine, but the fact remains.

In the records of mental ailments and aberrations we find histories of the influence of the imitative bent or faculty, which apparently illustrate the working under that influence of a dominant idea. In a certain convent a hysterical nun began to mew like a cat. The mewling habit spread throughout the community, despite the efforts of the Lady Superior to arrest it. No methods of discipline were of any avail, until the services of the doctor were obtained. The medico took in the situation at a glance. Heating a poker to redness in the fire, he declared that the disease demanded a strong remedy. The first nun who mewed would be burnt with the poker. The ruse succeeded admirably. Peace and quietness once more reigned within the convent walls, and the mental epidemic ceased because one dominant idea, that of imitation, was replaced by another and a more powerful one—that represented by the poker.

Now, in the course of an election it is curious to note mental phases of similar character, when men's minds are excited as by the prospects of a battle with a doubtful issue awaiting it. When Mr. Balfour sustained his defeat at Manchester, it was easy to predict what would happen, and this although previously there had been signs of the oncoming of the other side. Election agents tell us that their greatest anxiety is experienced, in the interests of their clients, in respect of the "wobbling" voter. He does not know his own mind. Indeterminate in his politics, he is swayed by the arguments of each side as a reed is swayed by the wind. First he decides to vote for Mr. A; then under the hands of a clever canvasser he is made to see that Mr. B's views more nearly represent his way of thinking, and more exactly correspond to the right path leading to the development of the national welfare. The "wobbler" is not a Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. He is simply an undecided unit; a man who cannot make up his mind on this and perhaps on most other topics of life.

What happens to him can easily be predicted: when he has a powerful influence brought to bear upon him in the shape of the defeat of a leader, he follows instinctively the track of the flowing tide. Thousands of irresolute voters must have been influenced by the early disasters in the campaign. There is a very natural human failing or desire to be found on the winning side, and there can be little doubt that this phase of mentality has operated on the course of the election in the case of thousands of voters whose political views are of nebulous or, at least, of undetermined nature.

I have heard of an old Parliamentary hand who, giving his advice to a young candidate for St. Stephen's, told him to "keep drumming" his views into the electorate as his only chance of success. The candidate was complaining that he had exhausted every conceivable topic of social and political interest, and was at a loss for fresh ideas. "Never mind," was his Mentor's reply, "you keep drumming in the ideas you have. They take a time to settle down in their minds, and when you tell a man a thing over and over again, in time he comes to believe it." Here is yet another psychological phase of electioneering. Repetition of facts or views involves and makes for a certain credence being accorded them. It is with the individual as with the mass. I happen to know a man who on one occasion figured in a very mild adventure abroad. As the story was first related, it involved scarcely any element of real danger at all. But the narration of the incident had a fascination for the hero thereof. It was related time after time, and gradually, through further and utterly fictitious details being added to it, developed and evolved into an adventure of a thrilling nature. The worst of it all is that the narrator has come to believe in the reality of the additions, and it involves sacrifice of his friendship, I believe, if doubt be expressed or even suggested concerning the verity of his narrative, or the existence of certain discrepancies therein.

What repetition may do for the unit, it may and does accomplish with the mass. The transient argument will pass in at one ear and out at the other: stereotype it by continuous exposition, and it remains as a factor which will decide opinion, and secure adhesion to the views it embodies. Personally, I seem to have noted a good many examples of this kind of psychical phase in the course of the recent election. Being no votary of politics, I can the more freely express this opinion. Men will follow the drum when that instrument beats the tattoo of victory, but it is even more wonderful sometimes to find a master mind, which, in the midst of apparent defeat, raises a clarion voice and converts defeat into victory. This also illustrates the influence of the "flowing tide."

ANDREW WILSON

MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



SCENES FROM "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

It has been suggested that the play might be called "The Second Mrs. Jesson." The story is of a second wife who is sacrificed to her husband's devotion to the memory of his first wife. Miss Irene Vanbrugh plays the second Mrs. Jesson, who after a long period of eclipse in her own house makes a discovery about her predecessor that would enable her to avenge herself upon her husband and the first wife's family. Mr. George Alexander, in the part of an elderly diplomatist, dissuades her, and thus opens the way for her restoration to her proper place. The play is discussed elsewhere by our dramatic critic.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DAUGHTER AS A HORSEWOMAN.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



PRINCESS MARY OF WALES IN THE LONG WALK AT WINDSOR.

During the absence of the Prince and Princess of Wales in India, the royal children have been under the special care of the Queen, and Princess Mary has often been seen on her pony in the Long Walk at Windsor.

Madame ADELINA PATTI has made GRAMOPHONE RECORDS



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D. & H.

LADIES' PAGES.

SPAIN has acquired a fresh and novel interest for us because of the royal romance that is being there enacted. The English Princess who has the privilege of playing hostess to the heroine of the story must feel special interest in its progress, for her own marriage was in its day a royal romance. Princess Frederica of Hanover, at whose villa at Biarritz Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Ena have been visiting during the Spanish King's courtship, married "for love," her father's secretary having gained her affections. Queen Victoria had a tender feeling for love matches, her own having proved so happy, and she sympathised with Princess Frederica, and not only gave her formal consent, but her active support, to the union of which the Princess's nearest relatives disapproved as a mésalliance. Her Royal Highness is, of course, an English Princess, standing in precisely the same degree of relationship to King George III. as the Princess of Wales: namely, great-grandchild. The Princess Frederica lives chiefly in England, where, as the daughter of a King of Hanover and great-granddaughter of a King of England, she takes high precedence; and she looks as if she ought to do so, for she is a very dignified and stately woman with snow-white hair, which she wore turned back in the present fashion long before it became usual. She lost her only child soon after its birth, and translated her own sorrow into the beautiful form of charity by founding a Home of Rest for poor convalescent mothers from the East-End of London. She usually winters at Biarritz, in the pretty villa that has now become the scene of Princess Ena's romance; during the season, Princess Frederica occupies her house in Inverness Terrace.

Princess Ena is learning Spanish, and naturally that is necessary to please the general mass of the people; but the Spanish aristocracy, like the Russian, habitually make use of French both in conversation and correspondence. The Spanish language is a very fine one, however; that very cultured critic, the last Lord Holland, Greville says in his "Memoirs," once "insisted that Spanish was the finest language of all, and the best adapted to eloquence"; and he cited the British Ambassador in Spain as saying that the speaking in the Spanish Cortes was the best that could be found in any Assembly. We have all heard of Spanish chivalry, and certainly all of us who have met Spanish gentlemen have had experience of the wonderful charm of their manner, the exquisite polish of their courtesy, which enables them to be familiar without encouraging familiarity with their inferiors, cold yet smooth as marble with the vulgar, and easy and graceful with their equals. All this must be very interesting to the young Princess. One Spanish custom that is peculiar, and I think pleasing, is that the family name of a wife is not, as with us, hidden and absorbed in her husband's. Not only she herself continues to use as part of her



A CHIC LITTLE GOWN.

A Riviera model of white silk with a faint black line: the vest is embroidered in black and white, and the crossed bodice fastens with a big enamel buckle.

marriage surname the name of the family of which she is born a member, but the children also combine it with the father's, the particle "y," meaning "and," and a hyphen joining the maternal and paternal surnames. The Scotch (who have so many strangely different customs and laws from ours still persisting, notwithstanding the years of union) employ the wife's own name invariably in legal documents; these will, for instance, describe Mrs. Brown who was Miss Smith as "Mary Smith or Brown"; but this is not the custom in daily life, nor does it affect the children's names, as does the gracious Spanish recognition of the wife's family name.

In England it has long (probably always) been the custom for a widow who has a title, on her re-marriage, to retain the previous husband's name, so as to keep the "Lady" prefix. There are a considerable number of instances in Society at present of this custom's being followed; and that it was equally usual in the days of Charles II. we have the witness of Evelyn's diary, in which the writer speaks frequently of "my eldest brother's wife, Lady Cotton." But for the woman who has "made her name" by her own talents in this country there is no resource on her marriage but to part with her celebrity or to use an alias. One, and only one, well-known author has had paid her by the man whom she married the same compliment that men so often and readily pay to a large fortune bequeathed them—that of changing their name or adding another to their own. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, as we have been reminded by recent events, added "Bannerman" to his paternal "Campbell" on succeeding to the fortune of his maternal uncle. This is a common event; but only Olive Schreiner, the author of the "Story of an African Farm," has found a husband willing to change his name for the good fortune of winning his chosen bride; and to put back his own rather than to sink her name. He was a well-known South African statesman in the pre-war time, and the couple became on their marriage by legal deed "Cronwright-Schreiner." Madame de Staël married for the second time when she was forty-five years old: her husband was a young fellow of twenty-three named Rocca, and she became the mother of a son in this marriage; yet it was never publicly acknowledged, and the only explanation of this persistent secrecy was that the world-famous writer refused to lose her celebrated name. The Spanish custom would be a compromise that might meet such difficulties.

A conference on "lady servants" was held last week at the Westminster Town Hall, and was attended by most of the heads of the various institutions that are making an effort to introduce educated women, the refined and cultured young women properly described as "ladies," into domestic work. The result was not so illuminating as might have been wished, though some of the speakers talked excellent good sense. Miss Nixon,



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THE NEW ARROL-JOHNSTON CAR COMPANY,
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who has at Cheltenham a "Guild of Household Dames," and wittily and truly that working women at present are conducting a strike, "the most successful strike known in history," against domestic service; they crowd into the most wretchedly underpaid occupations rather than enter upon this well-paid and comfortable form of labour. Miss Nixon, as the title of her society implies, thinks that there is much in a name. She holds that if domestic workers were not specifically classed as "servants" there would not be so much distaste on the part of girls to entering the domestic labour field. The London County Council officials engaged in organising the theoretical teaching of domestic work who spoke were dogmatically certain that there is trouble in getting such work performed now because mistresses are incompetent. This is so far, in my opinion, from explaining the case that it is hardly worth discussing. The capable mistress is precisely the one least acceptable to the modern domestic; the slack, the weak, the ignorant mistress, she who is "not too particular" and is easily imposed upon, is the one who is popular. The occupation is under-supplied with labour, and therefore discipline is non-existent, desire to improve is almost unknown, and conscientiousness and sense of moral duty in the performance of the work for which wages are to be received are the last things thought of in the mind of the average domestic. Of course, there are exceptions; and occasionally a good, capable household worker finds her natural and happy place with a clever, organising, rather strict, but reasonable and considerate employer; then all is well. But, speaking generally, nothing can be farther from the mark than to assert that a clever housekeeper nowadays is sure to make good servants out of the material offered her, or to be well supplied with labour.

All these speeches on the failings of mistresses had not much to do with the "lady servant" question. On this, the nominal subject in hand, the best speech was made by Mrs. Headlam, of the Domestic Training Hostel at Chelsea. She said that, after starting her training-school with high hopes, she had been forced to come to the conclusion that domestic service did not suit educated women. There was too much monotonous routine, and the work was too tedious; the laborious parts of it, such as carrying coals, washing up greasy pots and pans, cleaning the doorstep, and taking the ashes out to the dustbin, were the sort of tasks that seemed no more "nice" to the "lady" than to Mary Ann, and it was no good pretending that such work was not disagreeable. She thought that manual labour was disliked more now by all classes than of old, and that as a people we have become too fond of pleasure and ease. This was a speech which recognised that it is not the case of the



THE EMPIRE STYLE "EN PROMENADE."

This is built in soft face-cloth, trimmed with a tiny ruche. The belt and collar are embroidered, and cord motifs and big buttons form the fastening. Muff of chiffon.

well-to-do classes who can keep several servants that is before us, but that of the vastly more numerous class who can employ but one, a "general," or at most two—a "cook-general" and a "nurse-housemaid"—to undertake the whole work for a family. The homes of the wealthy are still adequately supplied with competent domestic workers; the problem is that of the middle-class mistress, who wants real workers, and will, I fear, never find them in the "lady servant."

Judicious purchasing is an essential portion of the duties of the housekeeper of moderate means, and especially in replenishing the linen-drawer she can often effect considerable economy by watching for "occasions." Such an event is the "Great White Sale" announced by Messrs. Peter Robinson. It begins at the large Oxford Circus establishment on Feb. 12, and a special catalogue can be had on postal application. The sale includes not only every description of household linen and lace curtains, but also underwear, blouses, and unmade robes in white linen and in muslin; many of these last are exquisitely embroidered, and they are all very much less in price than the same sort of pretty summer frock will be a few weeks later on in the year. These embroidered white gowns will be in full fashion in the coming London season, so this is surely "a word to the wise."

The opening of Parliament will again be distinguished from the usual events of that sort by black being exclusively worn by the peeresses present. This was the case at the first function of the kind performed by his present Majesty shortly after the death of Queen Victoria. Those who saw the House of Lords on that occasion said that the appearance of the whole assemblage was more effective than ever it had been with variety of colour; the black dresses relieved by abundance of sparkling jewels and set against the scarlet and ermine of the peers' robes made a most strikingly picturesque scene. The first Court may not be held for some time, but when it does come off, no doubt many ladies will show respect to the Queen's mourning by wearing black. White is certain, nevertheless, to have another period of popularity. It is so becoming, and always gives a "dressy" look; so that once having realised these advantages we are slow to part with the vogue of white, and the wholesale houses are stocking such quantities of every description of material in the spotless tint that the forecast of its fashion is certain.

"Peptonising" is a process by which food can be rendered more digestible, and therefore more nutritious. The process is applied to cocoa in the "Peptonised Cocoa and Milk," manufactured by the well-known chemists, Messrs. Savory and Moore, 143, New Bond Street, W., and this firm are willing to send free a sample tin to my readers. FILomena.



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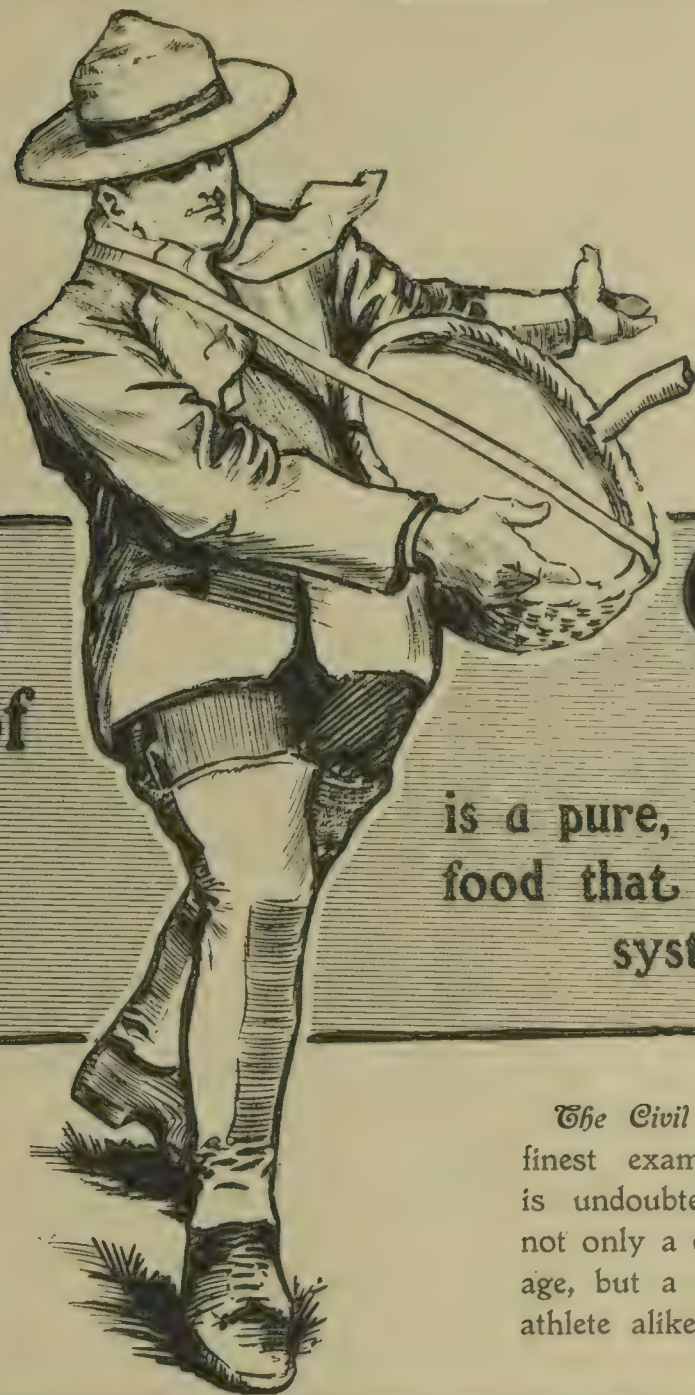
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

PREBENDARY PAGET, the new Suffragan-Bishop of Ipswich, has worked in London, with brief intervals, since 1877. First he was curate at St Andrew's, Wells Street; and in 1881 he left Leeds to take up work for the Oxford Mission in Poplar. In 1887 he was appointed to the important living of St. Pancras. Mrs. Paget is a daughter of Sir Samuel Hoare, late M.P.

The Pan-Anglican Congress is likely to be held in the middle of June 1908. The question of the payment of delegates is being considered; but the Committee feel that there are great difficulties in the way. An Australian Church paper intends to organise a cheap trip for the clergy at the time of the Congress.

Dr. Quirk, the Bishop of Sheffield, was recently thrown from his horse at Eccleshall when out for a morning ride. His Lordship was assisted to Hatfield

guests. The late Prebendary Rogers was the officiating clergyman.

A course of special sermons for City men is to be held during Lent at St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. The introductory sermon will be preached by the Bishop of Southwark.

The President of the Wesleyan Conference (Rev. C. H. Kelly) is making, I regret to learn, very slow progress towards recovery. His doctors hold out no



HILL-CLIMBING EXTRAORDINARY BY THE ROLLS-ROYCE CAR: UP A GRADE OF 1 IN 6'09 WITH 9 PASSENGERS, AVERAGING 11 ST. 2 LB.

One of the Editors of the "Motor" recently took part in a trial which was made with a view to ascertain whether the Rolls-Royce Tourist Trophy car of 1905 could fulfil the new conditions of the Tourist Trophy race—that each car, with its load of four passengers, must be able to ascend a grade of 1 in 6 on its lowest gear. He reported to the Automobile Club complete success on a gradient of 1 in 6'09. Not content with this, Mr. Claude Johnson recently took the same car to the same hill and drove the car up the grade of 1 in 6'09, carrying nine passengers averaging 11 st. 2 lb. each, or in all 1406 lb. weight of passengers.

for Norwich, and this connection has made him all the more welcome in East Anglia.

In commenting on Mr. Paget's appointment, the *Guardian* notes that there are at least three living instances of two brothers holding the office of Bishop. The Bishops (Moule) of Durham and Mid-China, the Metropolitan of India (Copleston) and the Bishop of Colombo; and the Bishop of Gloucester (Gibson) and the Coadjutor-Bishop of Cape Town.

Farm, where it was fortunately found that he had not been seriously injured. The accident occurred through his horse stumbling and falling on the main road at Eccleshall.

One of the most interesting weddings held in Christ Church, Dover Street, was that of Lord Rosebery to Miss Rothschild on March 20, 1878. Lord Beaconsfield gave the bride away, and the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and Lord Hartington were among the

immediate hope of his being able to resume the labours of his office. V.

The Carron Company has received the following interesting letter from a Canadian correspondent: "I was on a business trip this fall in the north-east part of Saskatchewan, where I saw a box stove of what I thought was a new design. On inquiring where the man got it, he said it was his great-grandfather's and that it was



THE 5000-MILES RELIABILITY TRIAL: THE TRIUMPHANT HUMBER CAR WITH DUNLOP TYRES.

The trial took place mostly in Lincolnshire, where, according to the record of daily runs, the roads were not of the best, and the weather during some days was extremely bad. In spite of the roads and weather, the trial was in every way a success, as punctures took place only on five occasions, and the total delay during the trial on this account and for slight mishaps occupied no more than about three hours. The car is an ordinary standard pattern 10-12 h.p. Coventry Humber (entirely British-built), and it has gone right through its long trial in the very worst part of the year without a mechanical trouble.

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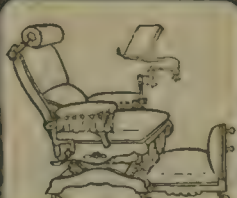
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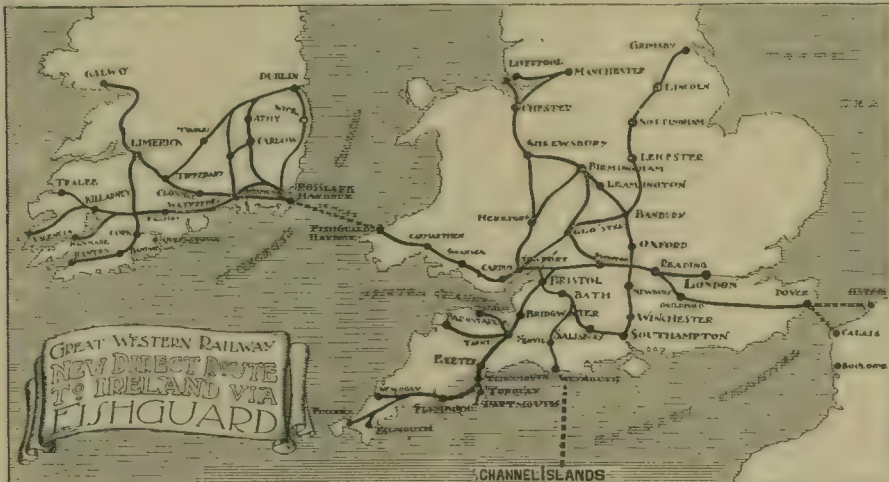


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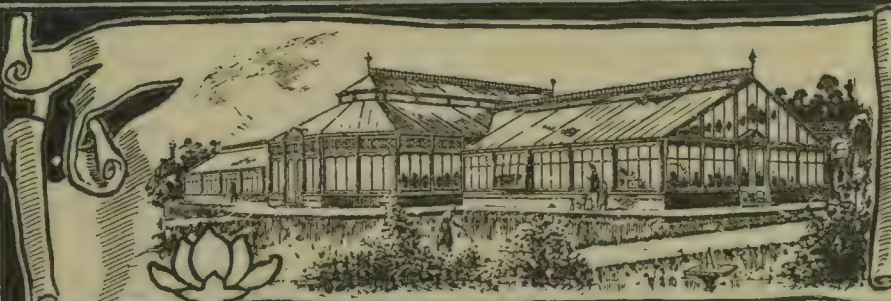
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tains a list of principal horse and cattle fairs, and cricket
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Mr. R. Caton Woodville has received the Grand
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Medal of King Alfonso XIII.

TO IRELAND BY TURBINE.

STEAM turbines will be used on the new direct route
between England and Ireland, via Fishguard and
Rosslare, which will be inaugurated during the coming
summer. The well-known firms of Messrs. Cammell,
Laird, and Co., Birkenhead, and Messrs. John Brown
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the vessels—the *St. George*
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Dear Sirs:-

I reluctantly send you the
following complaints of my can of Craven's
Mixture,-

- 1) It burns too fast.
- 2) It injures the palate, so that a taste for
other brands of tobacco is utterly ruined.
- 3) It incites to lying on the part of my friends
who invent excuses for borrowing a pipeful.
- 4) It has led to a notable reduction in my in-
come.
- 5) It paralyzes ambition; as when I am smoking
I do not want anything else on earth.
- 6) The bottom of the can is too near the top.

With regret and respect,

Albert Mann

The above humorous appreciation of "Craven" is a facsimile letter received by Carreras,
Ltd., from the celebrated Dr. Albert Mann, Head of Smithsonian Institution, U.S.A.

J. M. Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine" says:

"A tobacco to live for."

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FOR USE UNDER SHADES

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SPLENDID NEW MODEL, £530
16-20 H.P. for 1906, price

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Oil Bath
Chain
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Ex-
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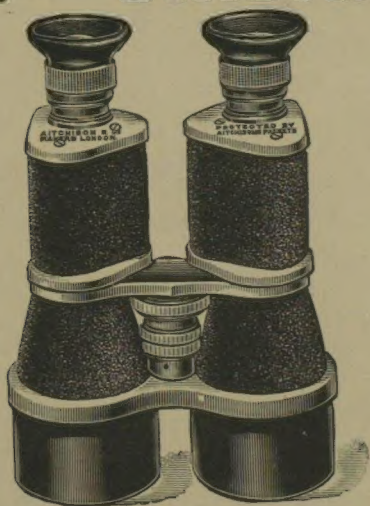
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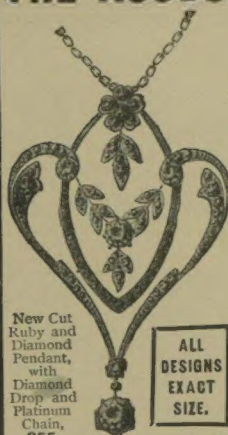
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my Jewels
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on 'The
Times'
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Monthly
Payments,
at
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Cash Prices
from The
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tion of
Diamond
Merchants,
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"I pur-
chased all
my Jewels
upon
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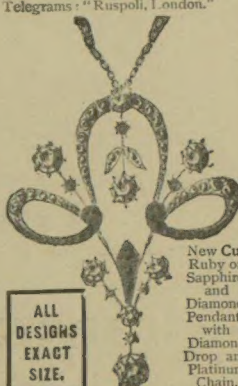


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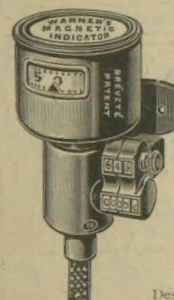
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MAGNETIC FORCE IS ITS MOTIVE
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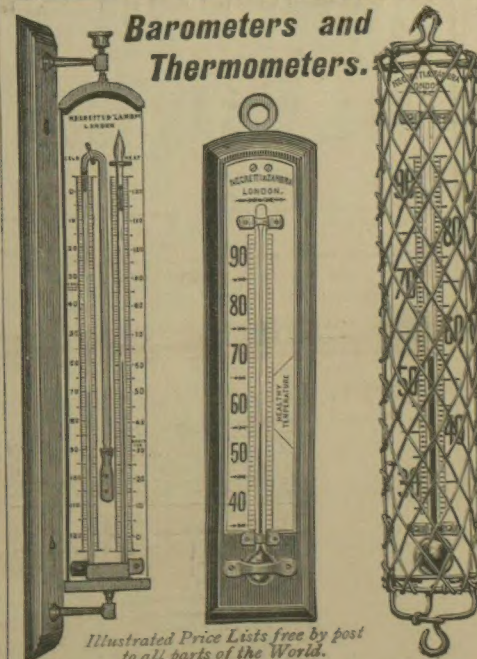
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Special offer: Send 1s. for Bijou Box of Water, Cream,
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So rapid in its action.

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ART NOTES.

ON Monday, Feb. 5, a long-obscured collection of paintings by Turner came again into public ken. Much has been imagined of the cellars of the National Gallery. There have been many fabulous stories of the treasures languishing therein. Turner water-colours have been piled up in fable in tin boxes in those cellars rivalling the tin boxes bearing Mr. Staats-Forbes's name in offices at Victoria Station, when a great director of railways was a great collector. But it was not suspected that over twenty oil-paintings from such a brush as Turner's could have been buried for so long a while as fifty years.

Though the "Tate," or rather, the National Gallery of British Art, now exposes these pictures for the first time, it is not known where their final home will be. It is unfortunate that the work of a national master should be as scattered and ill-housed as is Turner's. A Turner Gallery is a national "want," a gallery which would worthily hold all the magnificent water-colours without the mean necessity of crowding which so spoils the pleasure of the rare visitor to the water-colour rooms in Trafalgar Square. Doubtless some day the arts of Peace will be all-conquering, and then at, say, St. George's Barracks both the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery will have the urgently needed additional space which will give elbow-room to the nation's pictures. Sir Joshua will not have need to jostle against his sometime rival Gainsborough; Turner will not overlap his

only equal, Turner; Botticelli and Tintoretto will then no longer be "skied"; and Velasquez's "Venus" will not have a forbidding propinquity with the same painter's "Dead Warrior," albeit a Mars.

An interesting point raised by these Turners is the preservation of paint. Presumably left uncleaned during all the years of their captivity, the new Turners are in astonishingly good condition, putting to shame those which have braved a million eyes and the London atmosphere in the Turner Room. As Turner, like many great Masters of the English school (no painter was more reckless of his palette than Sir Joshua Reynolds), did not consider the chemical action of one pigment upon another, and as he doomed his pictures to destruction when he painted them, it is curious that the hiding of these canvases in the cellars of the National Gallery should have made so great a difference in the matter of their preservation. We can only hope that the river breezes and town soot will not work their will the faster now that these canvases have been released from their narrow tomb. Why they suffered such interment seems to be unexplained. Only if Turner had willed it so—and when the curiously suspicious state of his mind at the end of his life is remembered, it would not be surprising had he so willed it—could the long concealment be rationally explained. Elsewhere we publish reproductions of these masterpieces, rather as an incentive to view the originals than in the hope that black and white can adequately present their wonderful brilliancy.

W. M.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Dec. 7, 1904), with three codicils, of MR. EDGAR HORNE, of The Hill, Witley, Surrey, and The Seven Gables, Eastbourne, Chairman of the Prudential Insurance Company, who died on Dec. 18, was proved on Jan. 25 by William Edgar Horne, and Alexander Burrell Horne, the sons, and Charles Boyd, the gross value of all the property being £565,497. Mr. Horne gives £1000 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes; £500 each to the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, the Westminster Hospital, and the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham and Swanley; £250 each to the Princess Alice Hospital, Eastbourne, and the Church of England Incorporated Society for providing Homes for Waifs and Strays; and very many legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons and daughter, Mrs. Ellen Elizabeth Boswell.

The will (dated April 7, 1902), with a codicil, of MR. JOHN BONHAM-CARTER, of Adhurst St. Mary, near Petersfield, who died on Dec. 21, was proved on Jan. 29 by Lothian George Bonham-Carter, the brother, Maurice Bonham-Carter, and Thomas Atkinson Tillard, the value of the real and personal estate being £267,460. The testator gives the Adhurst St. Mary estate and £90,000 to his wife for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children, and in default thereof, in trust, for his daughter; £10,000 each to Philip Algernon Tillard and Thomas Atkinson Tillard; £2000 to his sister Alice Jane

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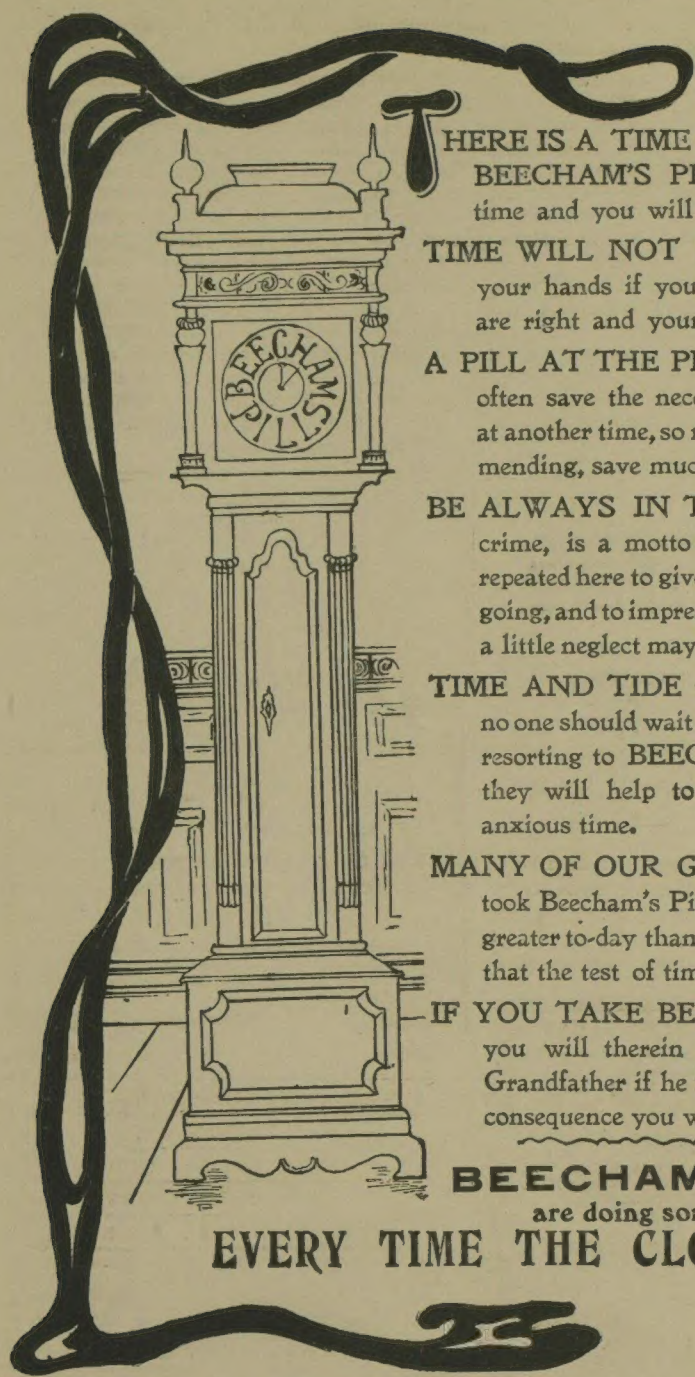
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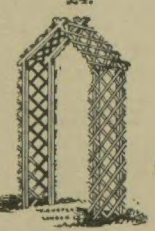
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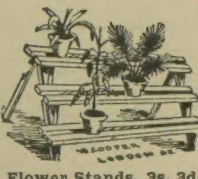
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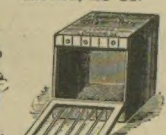
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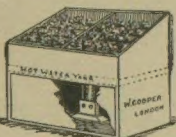
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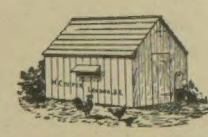
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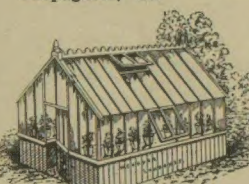
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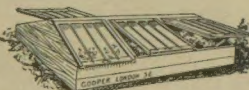
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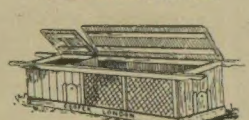
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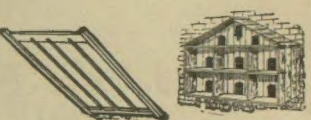
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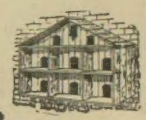
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WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD
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some, that no breakfast table should be
without them.—See how well they are
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RAISING POWDER
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Little Breakfast Scones take only 15 minutes to make, and eat deliciously fresh from
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**Fountain
Pen**

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and though distance
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The will (dated July 24, 1900) of the RIGHT HON. HENRY JOHN, LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU, of Palace House, Beaulieu, Hants, and Ditton Park, Surrey, who died on Nov. 4, was proved on Jan. 16 by Lady Montagu, the widow, and Henry Frederick Nicholl, the value of the property being £19,145. The testator gives certain household furniture, pictures, and plate, farm stock and crops, to his eldest son, small legacies to servants, and the residue of his personal estate to his wife. Under the provisions of his marriage-settlement he appoints such a sum as will pay the death duties on £10,000 to his daughter, Rachel Cecily Forster, and the remainder of a sum of £25,000 to his younger son, Robert Henry.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1904) of SIR JOHN SCOTT BURDON-SANDERSON, BART., of 64, Banbury Road,

Oxford, late Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on Jan. 8 by Dame Ghetal Burdon-Sanderson, the widow, and James Alexander Burdon-Sanderson, and William Howell Haldane, the nephews, the value of the property being £35,255. He gives £2000 as an endowment for the support of the Pathological Department of the University of Oxford; £50 per annum to Miss Florence Buchanan, while a spinster; and £6000, and the income from the residue of his property, to his wife. Subject thereto he gives £5000 to his nephew, James A. H. Burdon-Sanderson, and the ultimate residue to his nephew Dr. John Scott Haldane.

The will (dated April 3, 1903) of MR. ROBERT HAMMOND, of Pine Ridge, Buxton, who died on Nov. 2, has been proved by James Edward Marsland, Joseph Illidge Marsland, Thomas Barrow Hudson, and Francis Aylmer Frost, the value of the estate being £109,092. The testator gives £300 and £1700 a year to his wife; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fifth, in trust, for

each of his daughters—Ellen May, Emily Mildred, Hannah Sarah, and Alice Mary; and one fifth, in trust, for his daughter-in-law, Helen Scott Hammond, and her issue.

The will (dated July 6, 1900), with four codicils, of MR. HERBERT PHILIPS, of Sutton Oaks, Sutton, Chester, who died on Nov. 5, has been proved by George William Wynter Blathwayt and William Morton Philips, the nephews, and William Heywood Langton, the value of the estate amounting to £263,120. The testator gives £1000, the household and domestic effects, and the income from £80,000, to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Josephine Philips; £10,000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his brother Edward; £2000 to the Young Men's Christian Association (Manchester); £1000 for distribution among such charitable institutions that he had been in the habit of subscribing £5 and upwards to; and many other legacies. One half of the residuary estate he leaves to his brother the Rev. Edward Philips; and one half between his nephews George William Wynter Blathwayt and William Morton Philips.

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